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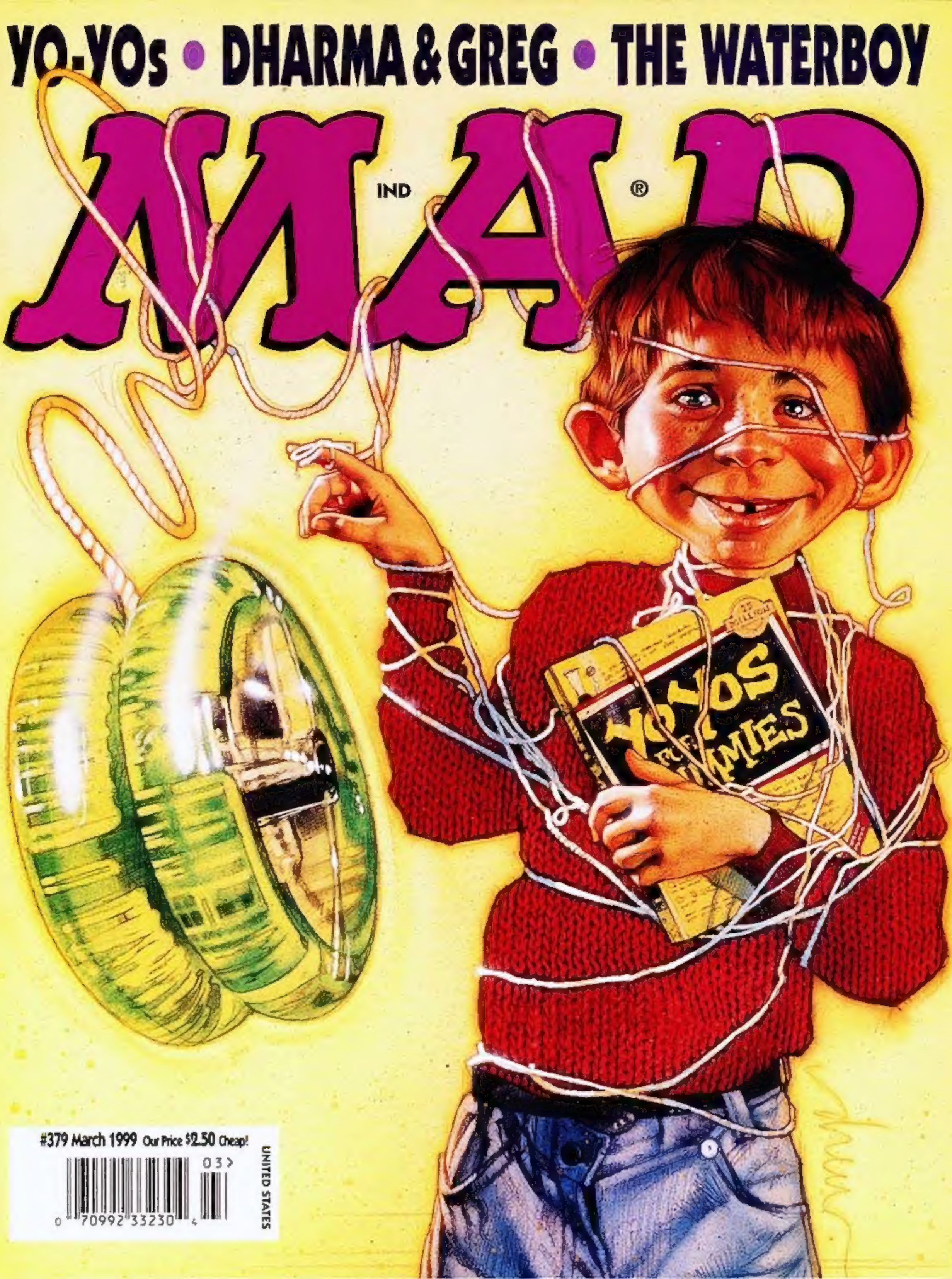

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UNITED STATES

#3 In A Series

An important message from MAD's Director of Business & Development,

DAN BROWN

Commitment. It's a word often used. Commitment. See? I've used it twice already. But commitment is not contentment. It's spelled differently and pronounced differently and means something different because it IS different. This goes without saying, but I said it anyway.

Which brings me to **MAD**. *Yes,* **MAD** — *the magazine whose time* is *and* was *and* continues to be — *says many things to many people that don't need to be said to anyone. But* **MAD** *says them anyway because it goes without saying that they MUST be said. Just like what I said about commitment.*

The importance of this cannot be overstated because it has no importance. But just as things that don't need to be said must be said, things that don't seem important often are. And vice versa. Like marriage. Like **MAD**.

To recap: "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something **MAD**."

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MAD

MARCH 1999 **NUMBER 379**

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FRONT COVER ARTIST:
DREW STRUZAN

FRONT COVER WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL

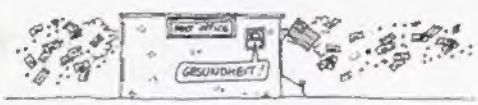
MAD #380
ON SALE
MARCH 23!

A NOTE FROM THE TEACHER

Being an overworked and underpaid teacher, I hardly ever have the time to write a letter to the editor of my favorite magazine. However, the article "Tipoffs That You Go to a Really Tough School" (MAD #375) was so hilarious, I was shaking with laughter so hard my red pen exploded!

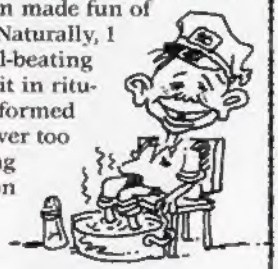
Allison Auld
Philadelphia, PA

Ally — We've taken the liberty of grading your letter: Spelling/punctuation: A; Clarity and content: A; Neatness: A! But before you get a little too cocky, young lady, let us remind you that bringing MAD to class is frowned upon in your school. We have forwarded a copy of your letter and this response to the Vice Principal of your school — he'll see you in detention at 2:30 p.m.! —Ed.



GOING POSTAL

I'm writing to tell you about something very sad. The other day when I was getting my mail (The October issue and a letter from my mom — no check!) some stupid person made fun of me getting MAD! Naturally, I ripped out her still-beating heart and burned it in ritual sacrifice and informed her that you're never too old for the amazing literary stimulation of MAD!



Lindsay Gonzales
Ithaca, NY

Gonzo — We were most disturbed by your letter. What do you mean no check in the letter from your mother? What kind of a tightwad is she? She can't take it with her — you're her own flesh and blood! The least she could do is send you a tenski to hold you over till payday! We suggest you show her this letter with our response and if she still doesn't open up the purse strings, well then maybe it's time to rip out HER still-beating heart and burn it in ritual sacrifice. However, you may want to check with dad on this first! —Ed.

A VIEW TO A SISKEL

With the glut of bad end-of-the-year movies over, movie critic Gene "I'm the thin one" Siskel found time to drop into New York to have dinner with a few MAD editors. (L-R) Co-editor John Ficarra, Gene, Editor of Licensed Publications Charles Kochman and Co-editor Nick Meglin. Oddly enough, it isn't clear what the group is giving a collective thumbs down to. Is it the book *MAD About the Movies* (which Gene and his partner Roger "I'm the fat one" Ebert wrote the introduction to — available now at fine bookstores everywhere) or Nick Meglin's stylin' blazer?

MORE TRASH FROM MAD

I was doing my weekly chores and cleaned out the trash can in the upstairs bathroom and out tumbled MAD #374. I then dumped the trash from the downstairs bathroom and out came MAD #373. This seemed an inglorious end to the magazine that has helped make me what I am today. Any ideas on how to recycle future issues?

Don Feeney
Louisville, KY

Donny — We have one idea, but please please please make sure you remove the staples before proceeding with the old wiperino! —Ed.

THE ADVICE SQUAD

My question is this: Is it morally wrong to take advice from Melvin and Jenkins over the advice of say, a voice from the clouds?

Sean Treanor
Washington, D.C.

Seanster — Morally wrong? No. Smart? Probably not. As for stopping voices from the clouds, we suggest carefully lining the inside of your baseball cap with aluminum foil. We understand this worked wonders for longtime suffering MAD writer Desmond Devlin! —Ed.

A THOUSAND POINTS OF CELLULITE

Why does Monroe's dad always get stuck with such fat, hairy chicks all the time? Give the poor guy a classy broad for once.

Julia Balkin
Amherst, MA

Jules — Hey, a man likes what he likes. Monroe's dad happens to like big, hairy chicks. Which is why an upcoming episode will feature our pal Monroe, his dad and one Ms. Linda Tripp! (Warning: this one is not for the squeamish!) —Ed.

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MAKE A DUMB WISH FOUNDATION

My wish is that I would like you to do the next issue of MAD in your underwear.

Salem Salazar
Dallas, TX

Sally — This is truly a dumb wish. Why in Heaven's name would you want us to do the next issue in our underwear when in fact we're proud to say that we do each and every issue of MAD buck naked (Super Specials too)! We like the uninhibited, je ne sais quoi freedom that only au natural editing can give! Therefore, sorry to leave you hanging, but we must respectfully decline granting your wish. —Ed.

P.S. While we were unable to grant Salem's dumb wish, MAD's *Make a Dumb Wish Foundation*™ enthusiastically welcomes any and all dumb wishes from our readers, because in the end, granting readers dumb wishes is what MAD is all about.
P.P.S. Note to Senior Editor Joe Raiola: Don't forget it's your turn to bring in the talcum powder this week!

THAT VISION THING

My eyes aren't as good as they used to be. Could you make your "Drawn Out Dramas" bigger, or send a complimentary MAD magnifying glass with my issues?

Joseph Laskarzewski
Jacksonville, FL

Joey Joe — NO! —Ed.

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 379, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

It's another body slam for the Letters Page! Renae Olson-Bjoralt of Brandon, MN was brave enough to step into the squared circle (so to speak) with wrestler-turned-politician and now Governor of Minnesota Jesse "The Body" Ventura! It's a three-year subscription for Renae and four years of over-the-top-rope incompetence and bad government for the citizens of Minnesota! Ah Minnesota, formerly the Land of 10,000 Lakes, now known as the Land of 500,000 Nimrod Voters!

SOMEDAY ALL MAGAZINES WILL LOOK LIKE THIS...

MAD
RATED
THE ODD SQUAD!
Read the Spoof of the TV Series That Inspired THE NEW CLAIRE DANES MOVIE!
Go 'MAD ABOUT MAD'
With Our "Lost Pages" BONUS!
PLUS
Basic Instinct! Entertainment Tonight!
Spy Vs. Spy! Sick Fads! MORE!

...until then, there is only one! Buy it now!

On sale at newsstands, bookstores and a precious few lumber yards!

There's this TV show about a marriage of opposites. A man and a woman from two different cultures meet, get married and try to make a life together! She's ditzy, kooky and uninhibited while he's more centered. The show kicks butt. It rocks comedically! It's called *I Love Lucy!* Now, there's this other TV show with the same premise. Two opposites in a "culture clash" comedy. Their gimmick: They meet and tie the knot after one date. It was love at first sight. But not for us — 'cause no matter how many times we look at it, we can't stand...

Kharma

I'm Dreg Moneygomery. I'm a WASP. I'm preppie, I'm a lawyer. I'm the son of conservative, upper-crust blue bloods and heir to a fortune! I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth!
I'm Kharma Flakystein! I'm ditzy, I'm kooky, I'm Jewish! I'm the free-spirited daughter of hippies! I'm guessing I was born with a hashish pipe in my mouth! We wed after a whirlwind courtship of, like, twenty minutes! We looked into each other's eyes and recognized a soul mate!
Actually, it wasn't her EYES that grabbed my attention! But let's not quibble this early in the spoof!
We're total opposites! He was raised on Brooks Brothers, I was raised on the Doobie Brothers! He was raised with meat and potatoes, I was raised with tofu!
We're Leery and Abba Flakystein! We're aging hippies! I kept my '60s beliefs, kept my '60s values, but seem to have lost my '60s hair!
Do you believe this? Our daughter married a preppie, WASP Republican! I'm dying! My love beads are melting!
SAVE THE FURBISH LOUSEWORT

& Dreg

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: JOSH GORDON

In other words, she was raised nuts, by nuts, eating nuts! I was raised normal! But something told me we should definitely be a couple!
You could tell from the feelings? The vibes?
I don't deal with feelings! I could tell from the ABC network testing! I'm a big chart man!
Wow! Cool!
Kharma is open, kooky and spontaneous, but in her own way, she has a certain dignity and strength!
Liar, liar, pants on fire!
See what I mean?
Settle, Abba! We got through Reagan/Bush, we'll get through this!
We're Eggwood and Katty Moneygomery! We brought up our son to respect God, country and money! At the age of 11, Dreg was a Boy Scout!
We brought up our daughter to seek out good vibes, to end global warming, to reject any totalitarian movement! At the age of 11 we sent Kharma to Canada to flee the Girl Scouts!
I'm calling the police!
What? For expressing free speech?
I'm calling the fashion police! Nobody's worn an outfit like that in 30 years — not since Laugh-In!
CATS
DAD
OLD ROT GUT WHISKEY
MOM
NATIONAL REVIEW
IT'S A FAKE TV SET...

So, hon, what's up? What are you doing today?
I'm going to laugh at the rain, run naked on the beach and mind-meld with some bluebirds! You?
Going to my law office, review some contracts, have a meeting, come home!
Wow! I never realized what a freaky existence you have!
BUY DREG A COMB!
Hey, I made you a breakfast smoothie!
A smoothie?
Yes! All-natural! I blended berries, veggies, grains, clouds and rocks!
Uh, no thanks, Kharma! I'll pass!
BACK TO THE BLAND
You're really into health and fitness!
Uh-huh! I do yoga and stretching every day to get limber! It's trippy, isn't it?
Great! That's just what your body needs... more length!
Wow! This raisin sauce is so awesome! It has a beautiful aura! What great vibes I'm feeling from it!
Hi, what's up?
She is! Your friend is from the Planet Perky! She's eternally chipper, energized and manic!
She's an optimist! Others see a recycle bin half-empty! Kharma sees it half-filled!
Lucky me!
Dreg, you're too anal! Too detail-obsessed! You're a "neat freak"!
I'm not a neat freak! I like things organized!
You color-coded all our food!
Only the perishables! All the others I simply labeled, then downloaded to a master database!
Prunes
You like recycling, right?
I love recycling!
Then you'll be thrilled with tonight's episode! We're re-doing a tired old premise! Our folks are coming over!

Your folks hate me! They think I'm this ditzy, blonde bubble-head! Will they ever accept me?
Yes! I believe someday my folks will accept you!
Wow! Way cool!
I also believe Latvia will become our 51st state!
KNOCK KNOCK
I have an idea! Why don't we all join hands and center ourselves?
I have a better idea! Why don't we all call our lawyers and draw up annulment papers!
Annulment?
You'll be quite happy with the arrangement, dear! Dreg will get all the stocks, and since you're so into health, you can keep the blender and ButtMaster!
Mom, it's been two seasons now! Why don't you ease up and accept your daughter-in-law?
Dreg, the day I celebrate this misbegotten marriage is the day I get barefoot and crush wine with illegal aliens!
I thought everyone might enjoy this album! Here are Kharma's baby pictures!
Finally! A wholesome activity!
That's strange! These don't look like photos of an infant!
Oh, it's not when Kharma was born! It's when she was conceived!
Flakystein, you are a sick, depraved man!
Our founding fathers fought for my right to be a sick, depraved man!
They also fought for my right to bear arms so that I could fill your pony-tailed head with buckshot!
This seems to be going well! They're discussing the history of our democracy!
All this friction is making me less perky! Must they come to our house every week and fight?
You're right! Let's structurally "open up" this sitcom! Let's go to THEIR homes!

Welcome to our home! This is my potting shed!
Mmm! What are you growing here?
Let me put it this way — it's a plant you're more likely to find in *High Times* than in *Martha Stewart Living!*
HERB GARDEN
HERB
Leery, you seem quite happy here!
Deliriously so! Something in here is making me giggle!
I'm guessing it's a plant, not the script!
Eggwood, for the first time we agree on something!
Welcome to our snooty country club! We've scheduled an unusual event– the "breaking of the piñata"!
What's so unusual about it? Every party has a piñata!
Yes, but this one has Microsoft stock inside!
Say, this stuff isn't bad! Tastes like chicken! What is it?
It's Spotted Owl!
Spotted Owl!? Arrgghh, feh, spit take!
It's part of our "Endangered Species Buffet"! Try some Bald Eagle salad and Condor pudding!
This is a little over-the-top, isn't it? They're really reaching for a plot device!
That didn't seem to bother you in the potting shed!
STUFFED DHARMA
Kharma, I've decided I want a child! If we had a child, it would give us something we never had before!
Do you mean fulfillment?
I mean a 50 share and a 44 rating! Didn't you see the Nielsens for *Mad About You?*
There you go with your charts again!
We can't have a baby! We're not ready! The "position" has to be right!
Kharma, we've tried every position in the world! Most of them from the *Kama Sutra!*
No! Not us! The moon has to be in position! Jupiter has to be aligned with Mars!

That's it! I'm out of here! I realize now I married into the Granola Family!

Granola Family?

Too many flakes! Too many nuts!

Dreg is leaving me! He claims we're all insane!

He can't say that about us! He's right—but he can't say it!

We've got to settle this feud once and for all! If this were the '60s, we'd offer peace and love! But it's the '90s, so it's a whole new ball game!

Welcome to our show! Tonight's topic: "In-laws Who Come From Different Worlds!" One's from Marin County, the other is from Pluto!

You're a hippie-dippie freak!

You're a lunatic-fringe fascist Nazi!

You're #$@%^& choking me!

Our people had a slogan: "If it feels good, do it!"

You are a nudist colony slut!

You #@$%^& frigid, right-wing shrew! I stroll naked in the forest, but I don't pollute the environment!

Wrong! You have a 48-year-old body! When you stroll naked in the forest the trees die!

JERRY Springer

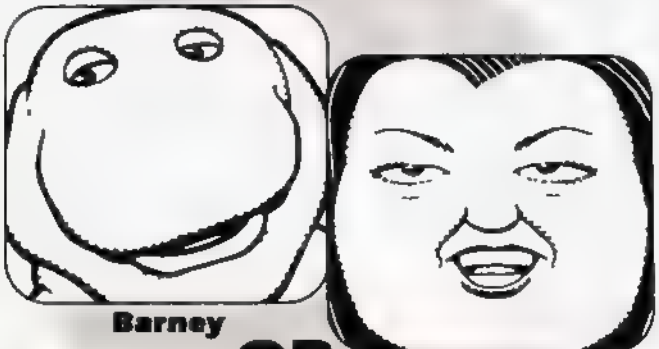
Wow, bummer! Let's face it, our marriage isn't working!

We should never have rushed into it! Perhaps we should have waited TWO dates!

Everyone makes fun of the fact that you watch too much TV. They tease you because your couch has a permanent indentation from your butt! They laugh at you because you once missed a week of work with a "channel-flipping" injury! They mock you because you named your first-born "Dawson Urkel"! Well, now's your chance to show them! Let's see if they can get a perfect score on...

MAD's TV Expert Quiz

1. Very tiny children like to hear this irritating gargantuan with the smiling giant head sing songs. Is it...

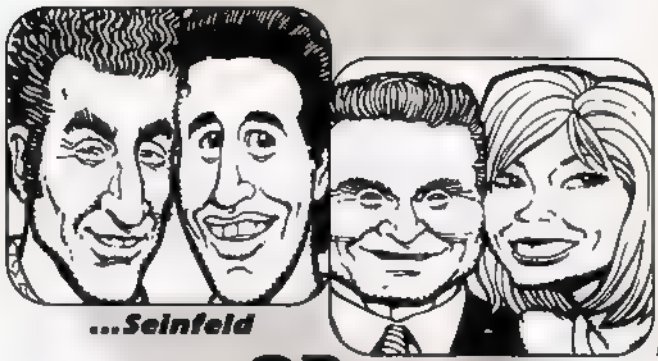


Barney OR **Rosie O'Donnell**?

2. Pamela Anderson quit Baywatch because she didn't want to make these any bigger than they already were. Are they...

...Her breasts OR **...The two-syllable words in her script**?

3. It's the popular show that's "all about nothing." Is it...



...Seinfeld OR ***...Live With Regis and Kathie Lee***?

4. This tragic news-related event left viewers gaping in a stunned, sorrowful silence. Was it...

...The Oklahoma City bombing OR ***...ABC adds Politically Incorrect to its lineup***?

ARTIST: RICK GEARY WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

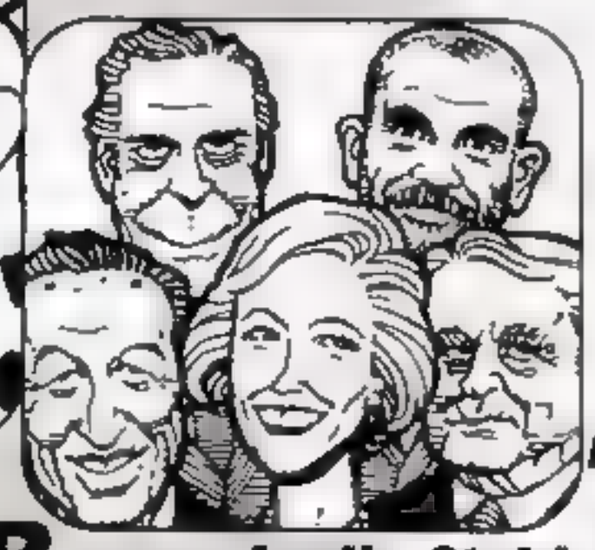
5. ■ This program's unique gimmick is to cram together a bizarre assortment of strangers together until the endless petty and childish fighting begins. Is it...

...Real World

OR ...CNN's *Crossfire* ?

6. ■ This is the animated figure who can be seen working alongside blue dinosaurs. Is it...

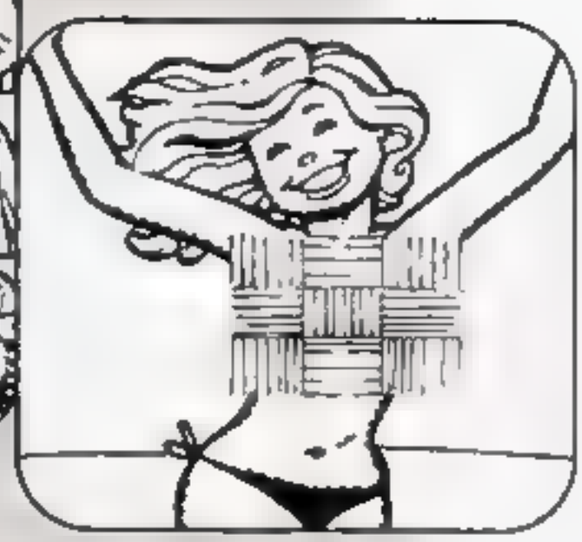
...Fred Flintstone



OR ...Leslie Stahl ?

7. ■ When viewers see nine little squares, are they looking at...

...*The Brady Bunch*



OR ...The digital scrambling allegedly blocking out women's private parts on the E! network ?

8. ■ Where did Tim Allen first experience Tool Time?

...On *Home Improvement*

OR ...In the communal shower room, during his three-year sentence ?

9. ■ This series regularly features the adorable gyrations of a cute, little imp. Is it...

...Ally McBeal

OR ...Spin City ?

RATINGS
0 Correct, 0 Share
Zero for 9? Congratulations, you have what it takes to be a morning weatherman!
1-3 Correct, 10 Share
Nice going, Urkel. If you were on ER, there'd be a long flat digital line going, "Bweeeeeeeeee"!
4-6 Correct, 20 Share
Only half correct? That means that 50% of your answers were laughable jokes — which is WAY higher than Jay Leno's monologue!
7-9 Correct, 30 Share
Ah, well, you're movin' on up, movin' on up, to the East Side...in a deeeee-luxe apartment in the sky!
10-12 Correct, 40 Share
Yeah, yeah, we know there are only nine questions in this quiz. Guess what? Nielsen just makes up all its ratings numbers, too!

Monroe and...

GUESS WHAT, HONEY?
UH, YOU SMASHED UP THE CAR COMING HOME FROM HAPPY HOUR AGAIN?
WOW! YOU MUST BE PSYCHIC!
ANYWAY, THE GOOD NEWS IS THE OFFICER ON THE SCENE WAS SINGLE! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? HE'S COMING OVER FOR DINNER!
WHAT? YOU INVITED A COP HOME?!
YEAH, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
Bill Wray
DON'T WORRY, I DON'T HAVE A ROUND CHAMBERED.
COME IN, I GUESS. I THINK MOM'S READY FOR HER STRIP SEARCH.
BETTER PAT YOU DOWN, GORGEOUS.
HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY, HONEY. THE FOOD'S AS READY AS I AM.
THIS IS DELICIOUS!
YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE USED TO EATING IN GREASY DINERS AND WALKING OUT ON THE CHECK.
...AND BY THE TIME SHE WAKES UP, ALL THE OTHER CRACKHEADS HAD EATEN HER BABY ALIVE! AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD JUST SAY NO!
AWESOME! TELL ME ANOTHER ONE!
THAT'S ENOUGH CRACKHOUSE HORROR STORIES FOR TONIGHT! IT'S TIME SOMEONE STARTED GETTING READY FOR BED!
AWWW, COME ON! IT'S EARLY!
WHO WAS TALKING TO YOU?

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

THE MAN

We all know what happens when Mom brings home her new "special friend." All we ever think is, "Please, God, let him be cool"!

THE PROBLEM?!
I GET MY ASS KICKED EVERY DAY, THE ONLY GIRL WHO WILL EVEN LOOK AT ME IS BERGATHA AND I'M SHORT! I DON'T NEED ANOTHER STRIKE AGAINST ME! YOU HAVE A COP OVER HERE AND EVERYONE'S GOING TO THINK I'M A COP LOVER, OR WORSE, A NARC!
KING CRAB
Ding Dong
YEAH, WHATEVER!
THERE'S THE DOOR! ANSWER IT... AND BE NICE!
FREEZE! PUT 'EM UP OR I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN TOWN! HA!
JUST MESSING WITH YOU, MONROE. OFFICER DURKEE, YOUR MOM'S DATE.
YEAH, GREAT STUFF. YOU'RE VERY CLEVER.
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, STEVE. I WASN'T SURE WHAT BIG, STRONG POLICE OFFICERS LIKE TO EAT!
DONUTS, MOM! DONUTS!
THAT'S ACTUALLY A MISCONCEPTION, MONROE. AS A POLICE OFFICER I HAVE TO STAY IN SHAPE.
AND WHAT A SHAPE! UH, STEVE, YOU MUST SEE AN AWFUL LOT OF EXCITING THINGS ON THE JOB! MAYBE YOU'LL TELL US ABOUT SOME OF THEM.
SHEESH. THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD.
'MORNING, SPORT!
OH, HI, "STEVE." HEY, MOM, WHERE'S MY SUGAR LOADS?
STEVE ATE THEM!
HE WORKED UP SOME APPETITE LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T YOU, SERGEANT?
10-4! I FELT LIKE I WAS AT THE ACADEMY AGAIN!

MONROE

I COULD MAKE YOU SOME FRIED EGGS -- EXCEPT I DON'T HAVE ANY BUTTER... OR EGGS.
FORGET IT. I'VE LOST MY APPETITE.
LOOKS LIKE THE "MAN'S" NOT IN A HURRY TO LEAVE...
...HIS STUFF'S ALL OVER MOM'S ROOM.
SAY, WHOA! WHAT'S THIS? OH, WOW, A TAZER!
FINALLY, I CAUGHT YOU WITH A WEAPON, DYLAN! IT'S JUVENILE HALL FOR YOU THIS TIME, BUSTER!
I DISARMED MONROE, SIR. HE'S THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THE TAZER. I'M THE HERO OF THE SCHOOL!
COME WITH ME, MONROE. YOU REALIZE THAT POSSESSION OF A WEAPON CAN LEAD TO EXPULSION, DON'T YOU?
BUT, I COULDN'T EVEN TURN IT ON! I... I...
HEY, KIDS! REMEMBER TO SAY NOPE TO DOPE!
EAT IT!
DON'T FORGET, YOU GUYS ARE THE FUTURE -- JUST LIKE MY PAL, MONROE!
NO, WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT UP?!
HEY, DILLWEED!
OH, UH, HI, DYLAN! LOOK, I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THAT WHOLE TAZER THING!

I'LL TAKE THIS BABY TO SCHOOL!
WHO'S FLY NOW, DYLAN?!
RAPID
HEY, DILLWEED, YOUR OLD LADY PACK ME SOMETHING GOOD TODAY?
NO, BUT I DID! HA!...
C'MON, C'MON, IT WORKED A MINUTE AGO!
BRANDISH!
WHAT A KNOB! GIMME THAT!
NO, GOD, PLEASE!
GRAB!
HERE'S HOW YOU USE IT. LIKE THIS! FEELING THAT?
ZAP
...AND YOU'RE A VERY LUCKY YOUNG MAN, MONROE. OFFICER DURKEE EXPLAINED THAT HE GAVE YOU THE TAZER TO BRING TO SCIENCE CLASS.
HE DID? UH, I MEAN, OF COURSE HE DID.
NOW GET YOUR BUTT TO CLASS! AND IF I CATCH YOU WITH SO MUCH AS A LOADED RUBBER BAND, YOU ARE IN FOR A WORLD OF PAIN, MISTER!
SWAT!
I GUESS YOU REALIZE NOW A TAZER ISN'T A TOY, DON'T YOU?
YEAH, I DO. TOYS HAVE BIG ON/OFF SWITCHES!
WELL, I GOTTA GO. YOUR MOM PROMISED ME SOMETHING SPECIAL IF I TOOK THE HEAT FOR YOU. WHERE'S A STORE AROUND HERE WHERE I CAN PICK UP SOME WHIPPED CREAM?
FORGET ABOUT IT!
REALLY? -:WHEW:-, THANKS!
NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO SERIOUS BUSINESS. WE SAW YOU WITH THAT COP...
KILLER ELITE
...WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF NARC OR SOMETHING? WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH NARCS AT THIS SCHOOL!
POUND!
SOCK!
WAK!
HELP!
HIT

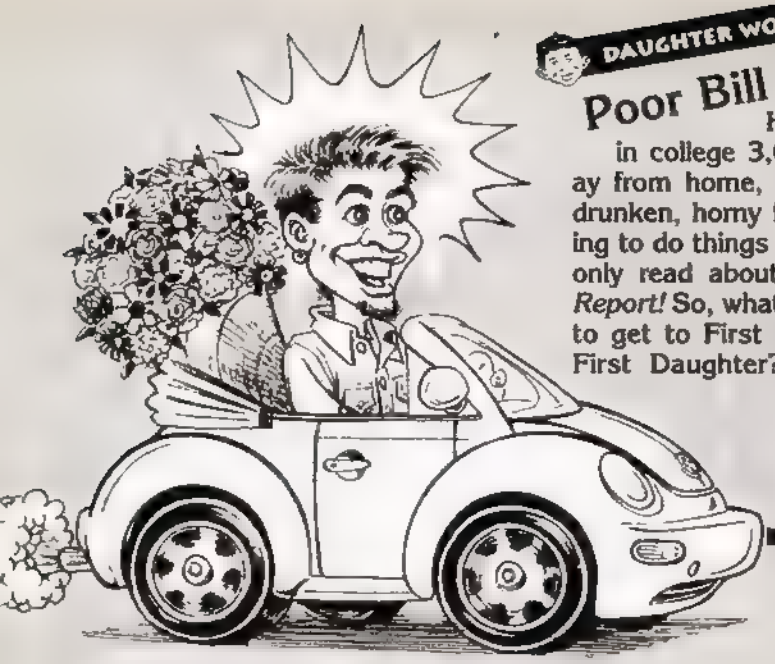
DAUGHTER WORLD DEPT.

Poor Bill Clinton!

His little girl is in college 3,000 miles away from home, surrounded by drunken, horny frat boys looking to do things to her you can only read about in *The Starr Report!* So, what's it like trying to get to First Base with the First Daughter? Here's...

MAD

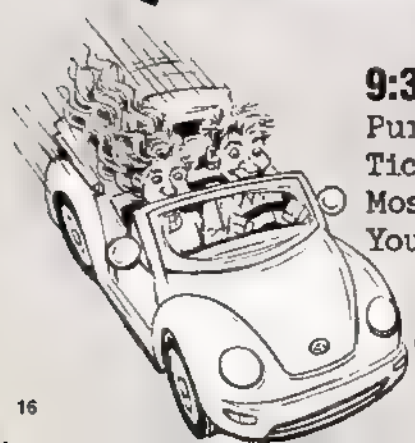
Tags Along *on a* Typical Date *with* Chelsea Clinton



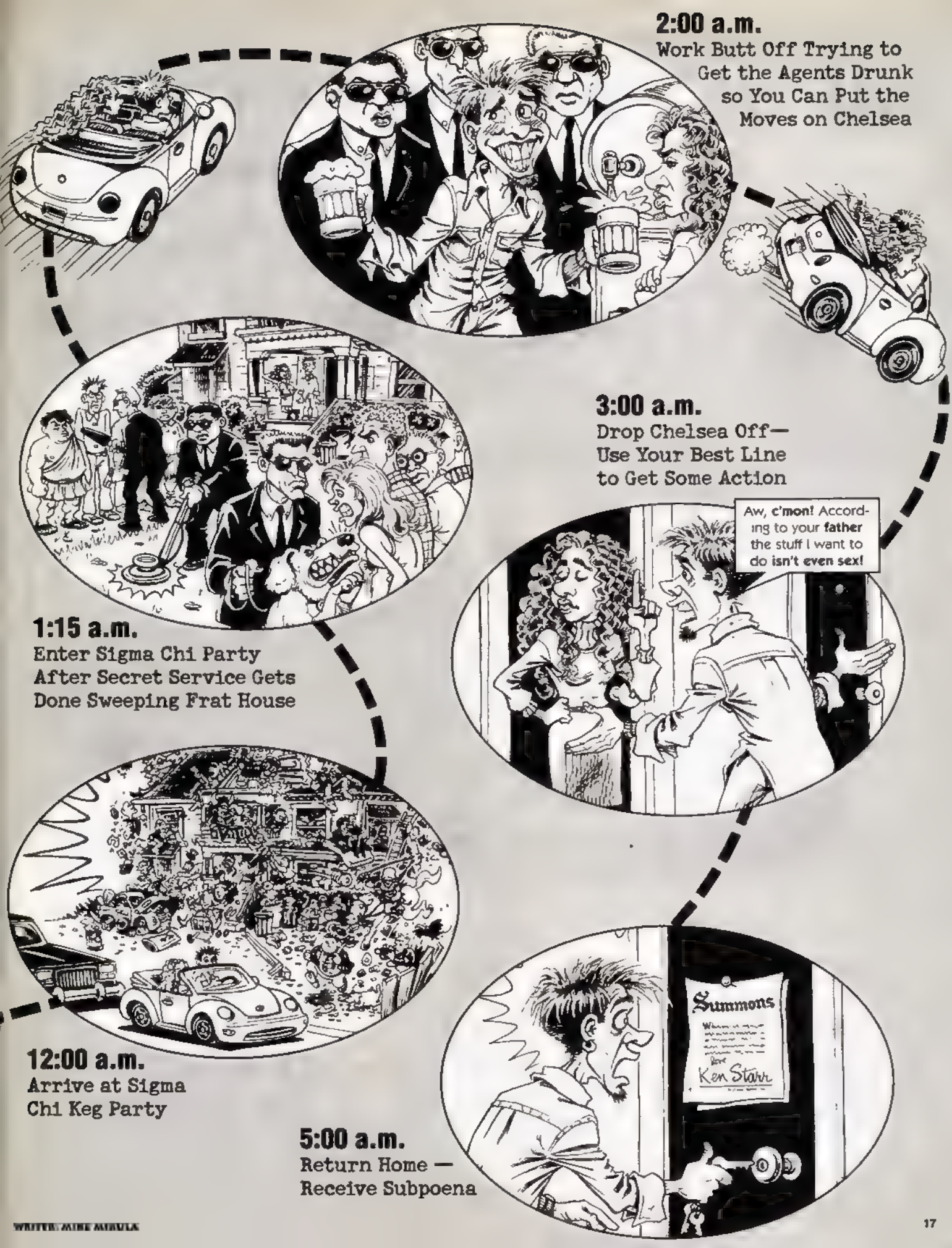
6:20 p.m.
Arrive at Chelsea's Dorm — Submit to Body Cavity Search by Secret Service Agents

7:00 p.m.
Dinner with President and First Lady

9:30 p.m.
Purchase Eight Movie Tickets — It's the Most Expensive Movie You've Ever Paid For



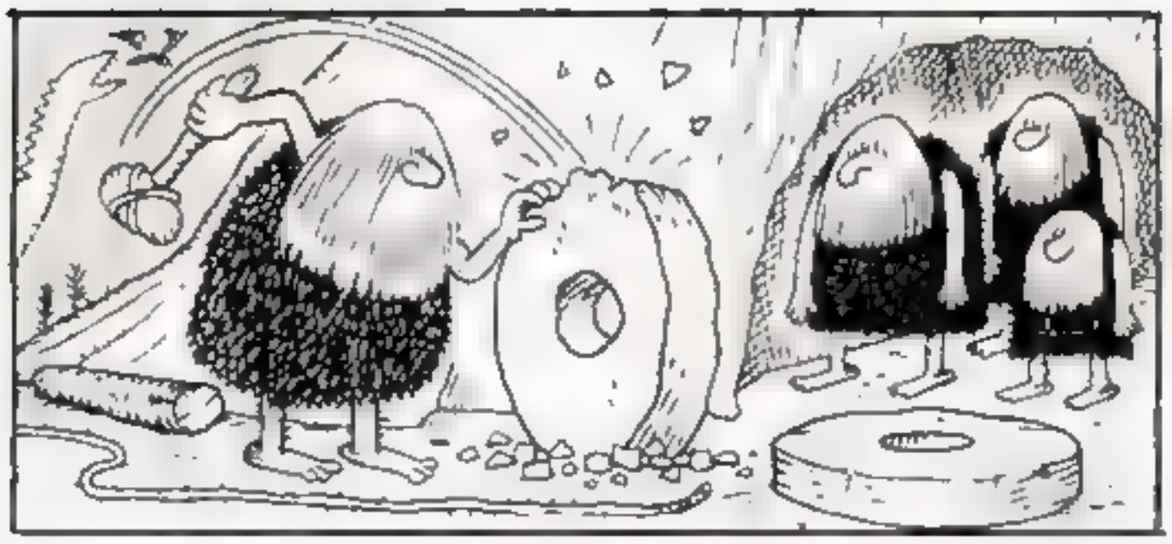
ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

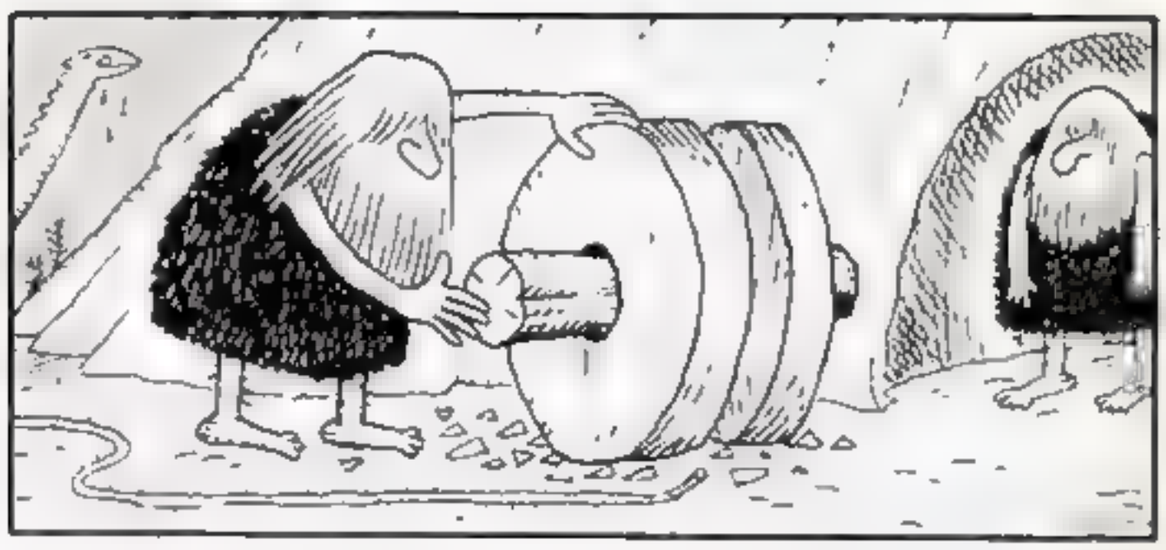

2:00 a.m.
Work Butt Off Trying to Get the Agents Drunk so You Can Put the Moves on Chelsea
3:00 a.m.
Drop Chelsea Off— Use Your Best Line to Get Some Action
Aw, c'mon! According to your father the stuff I want to do isn't even sex!
1:15 a.m.
Enter Sigma Chi Party After Secret Service Gets Done Sweeping Frat House
12:00 a.m.
Arrive at Sigma Chi Keg Party
5:00 a.m.
Return Home — Receive Subpoena
Summons
Ken Starr

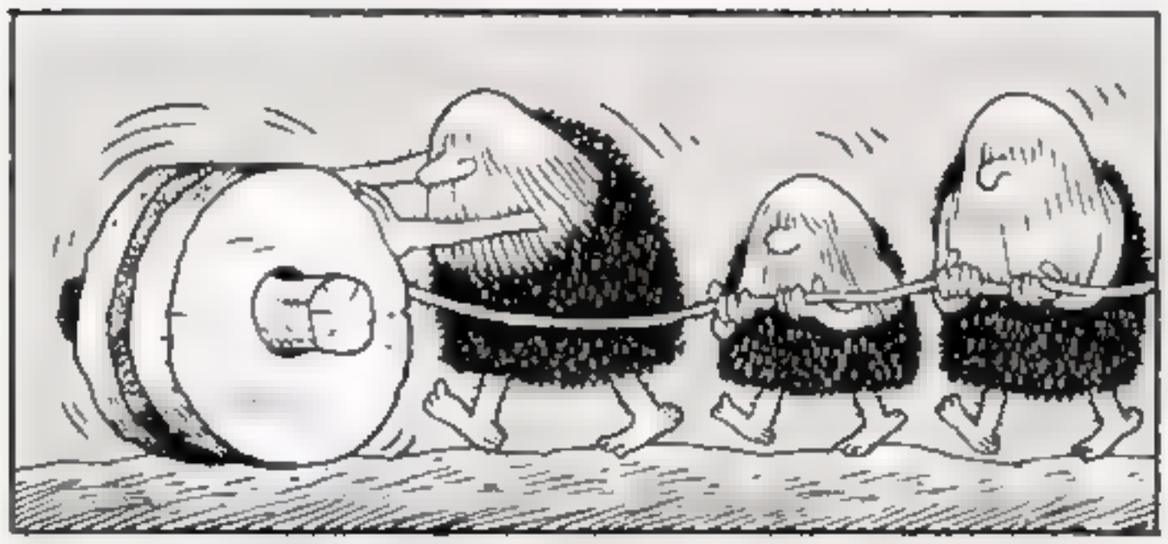
SPINNING IS THE ONLY THING DEPT.

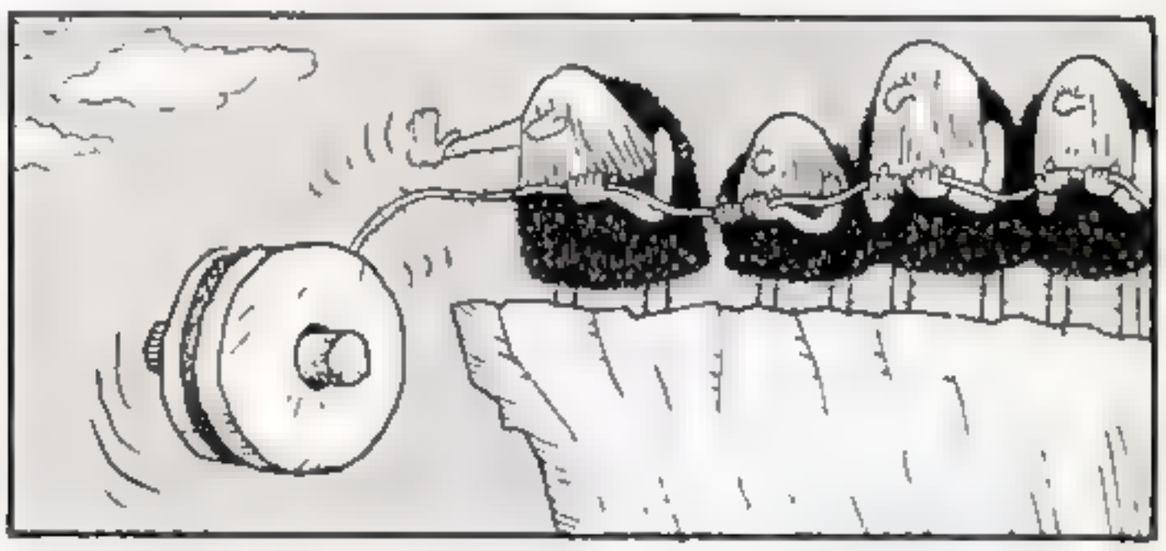
THE MAD WORLD OF YO-YOS

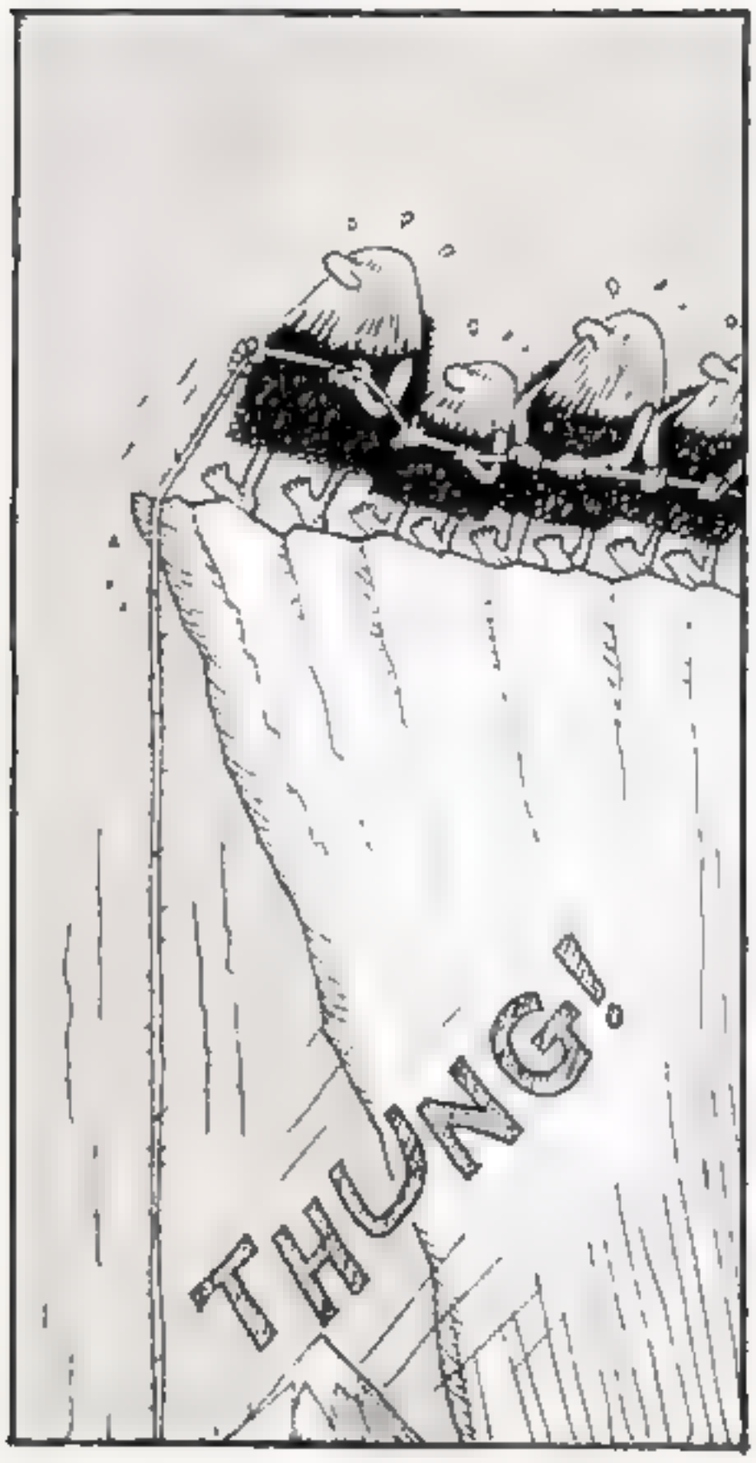
Part 1: In The Beginning









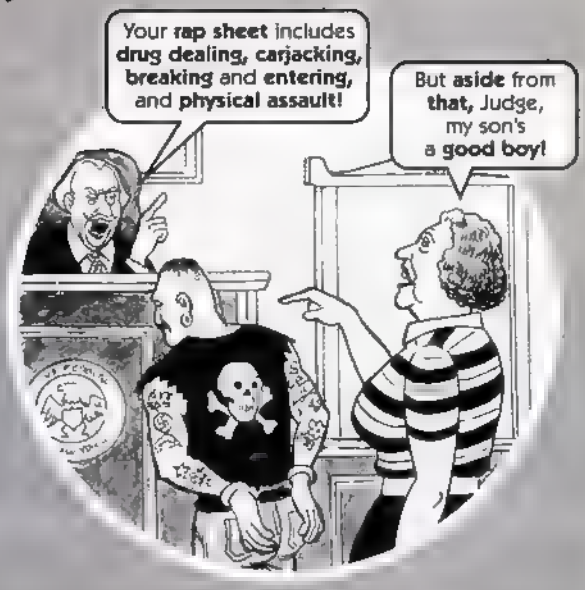


ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: DUCK EDWING

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

JUSTICE

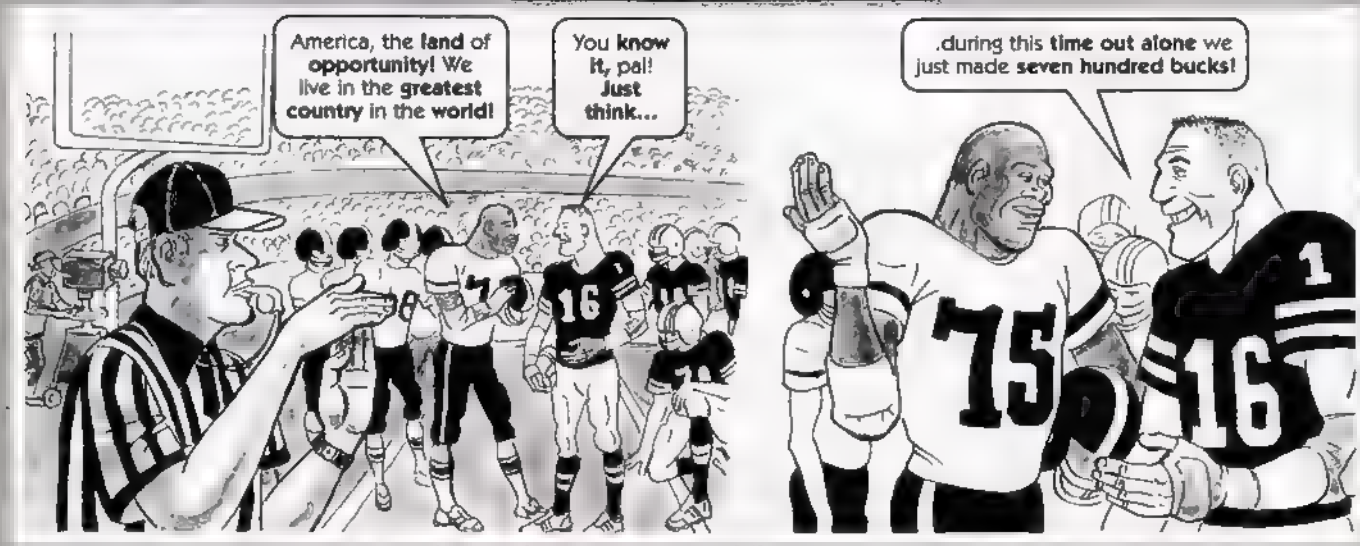

Your rap sheet includes drug dealing, carjacking, breaking and entering, and physical assault!
But aside from that, Judge, my son's a good boy!

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

READING

It's not fair! How can she give us a book report as an assignment...
SCHOOL BUS
TILDEN H. S.
2
86X3
...and not tell us where we can download it from the Internet?

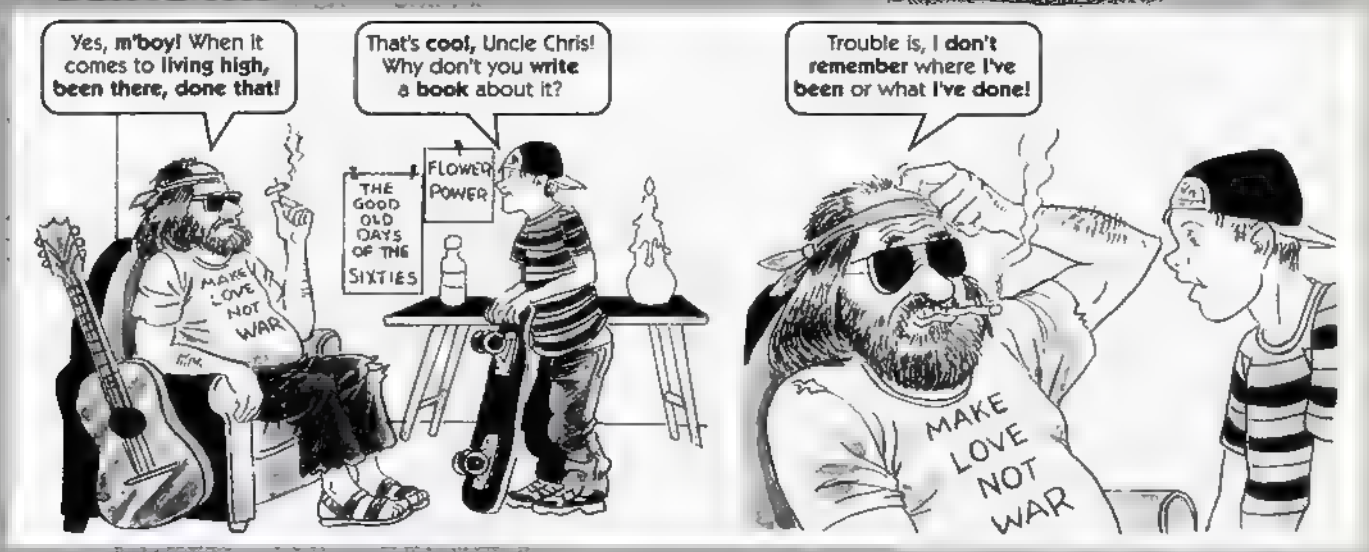
PRO SPORTS


America, the land of opportunity! We live in the greatest country in the world!
You know it, pal! Just think...
16
...during this time out alone we just made seven hundred bucks!
75
1
16

RELATIONSHIPS

FASHION

BEING HIP


Yes, m'boy! When it comes to living high, been there, done that!
That's cool, Uncle Chris! Why don't you write a book about it?
FLOWER POWER
THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF THE SIXTIES
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
Trouble is, I don't remember where I've been or what I've done!
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

FOOD

THERAPY

SLEEP

REAL ESTATE

Before I take you out **looking** at **houses,** do you have any **special requirements** I should **know about?**
Yes! We have **three teenage children!**
Real Estate Co

WEIGHT LOSS

Thank you so much for **referring me** to that **aromatherapist!** I've lost **25 pounds!**
Isn't he **great?** What **scent** is he using to **help you? Lavender oil? Lemon extract?**
No, **something better!** His **breath** is **so bad,** after I **meet with him** I'm **too nauseous** to **eat!**

THE OFFICE

David, don't think we haven't noticed that you're the first one here every morning and the last one to leave at night...
...and that every time we pass your office you're either pounding away at the computer or busy on the phone!
There's just one thing we want to know...
What the hell are you up to?

BEDTIME STORIES

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep and doesn't know where to...
Little Bo Peep is such a dummy!
Fairy Tales
If it were me, I'd just clone another one!

DOCTORS

You've got nothing wrong with you that a few hours of work in the garden won't take care of!
But I don't have a garden, doctor!
I do! Be there Sunday at 8 a.m.!
David Berg

THE MAD WORLD OF YO-YOS

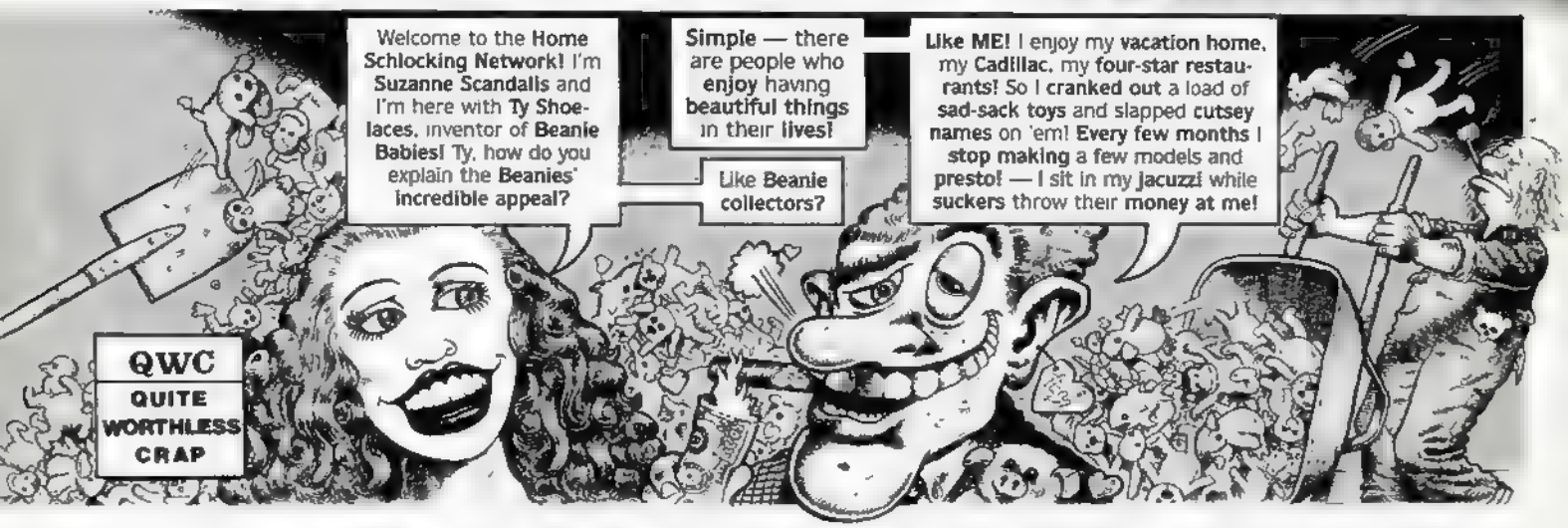
Part II: An Idea Gone Bad

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: DUCK EDWING

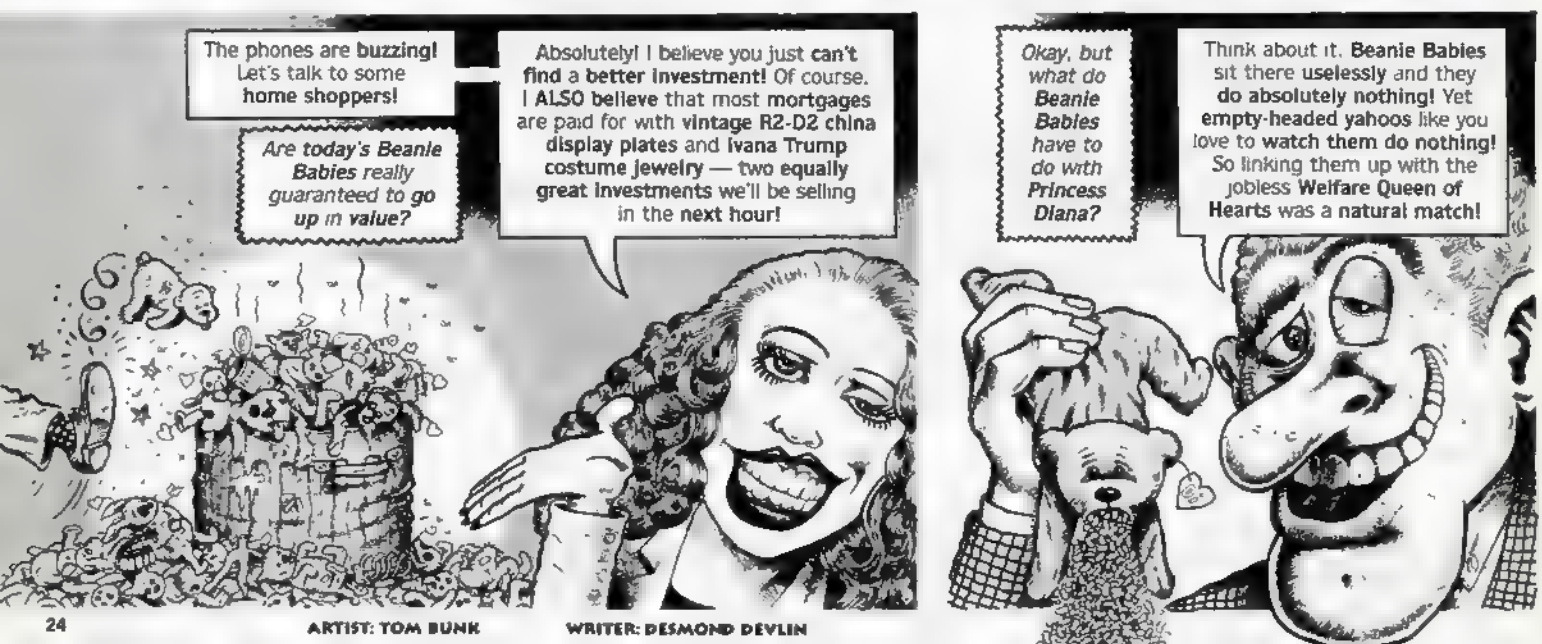
THE MAD REPERTORY PLAYERS

This Issue's

THE HOME SCHLOCKING NET


Welcome to the Home Schlocking Network! I'm Suzanne Scandalis and I'm here with Ty Shoelaces, inventor of Beanie Babies! Ty, how do you explain the Beanies' incredible appeal?
Simple — there are people who enjoy having beautiful things in their lives!
Like Beanie collectors?
Like ME! I enjoy my vacation home, my Cadillac, my four-star restaurants! So I cranked out a load of sad-sack toys and slapped cutsey names on 'em! Every few months I stop making a few models and presto! — I sit in my jacuzzi while suckers throw their money at me!
QWC
QUITE WORTHLESS CRAP

And that brings us to a wonderful Beanie Baby we're offering semi-exclusively tonight!
That's right! It's the Princess Diana Beanie Bear! The real Diana is gone, and you never knew her anyway, but now you can feel close to her in a delusional eddy of celebrity necro-worship!
Just look at that, viewers! Doesn't the Diana Bear look beautiful? And she can look just as beautiful in YOUR home! That is, provided you have a slow-rotating crystal display pillar, a runway model to point at it and TV studio kileg lighting in your trailer home!


The phones are buzzing! Let's talk to some home shoppers!
Are today's Beanie Babies really guaranteed to go up in value?
Absolutely! I believe you just can't find a better investment! Of course, I ALSO believe that most mortgages are paid for with vintage R2-D2 china display plates and Ivana Trump costume jewelry — two equally great investments we'll be selling in the next hour!
Okay, but what do Beanie Babies have to do with Princess Diana?
Think about it. Beanie Babies sit there uselessly and they do absolutely nothing! Yet empty-headed yahoos like you love to watch them do nothing! So linking them up with the jobless Welfare Queen of Hearts was a natural match!

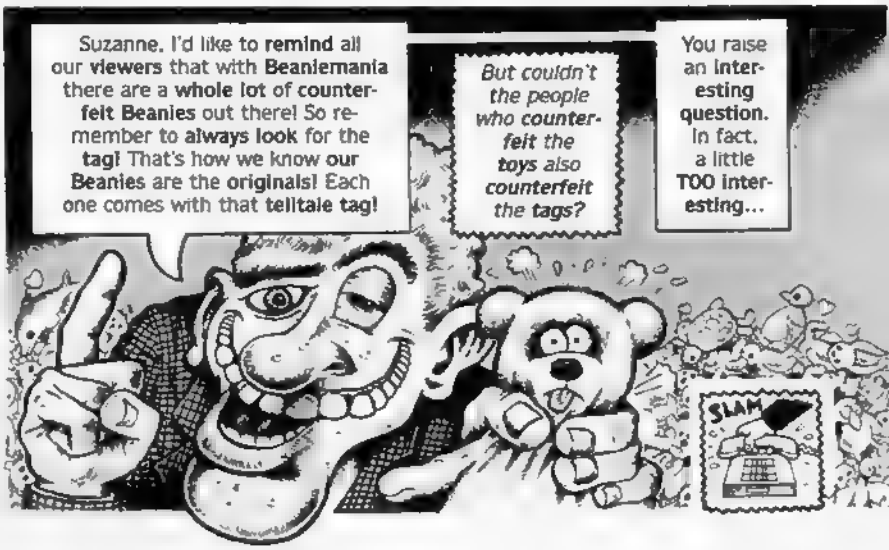
ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

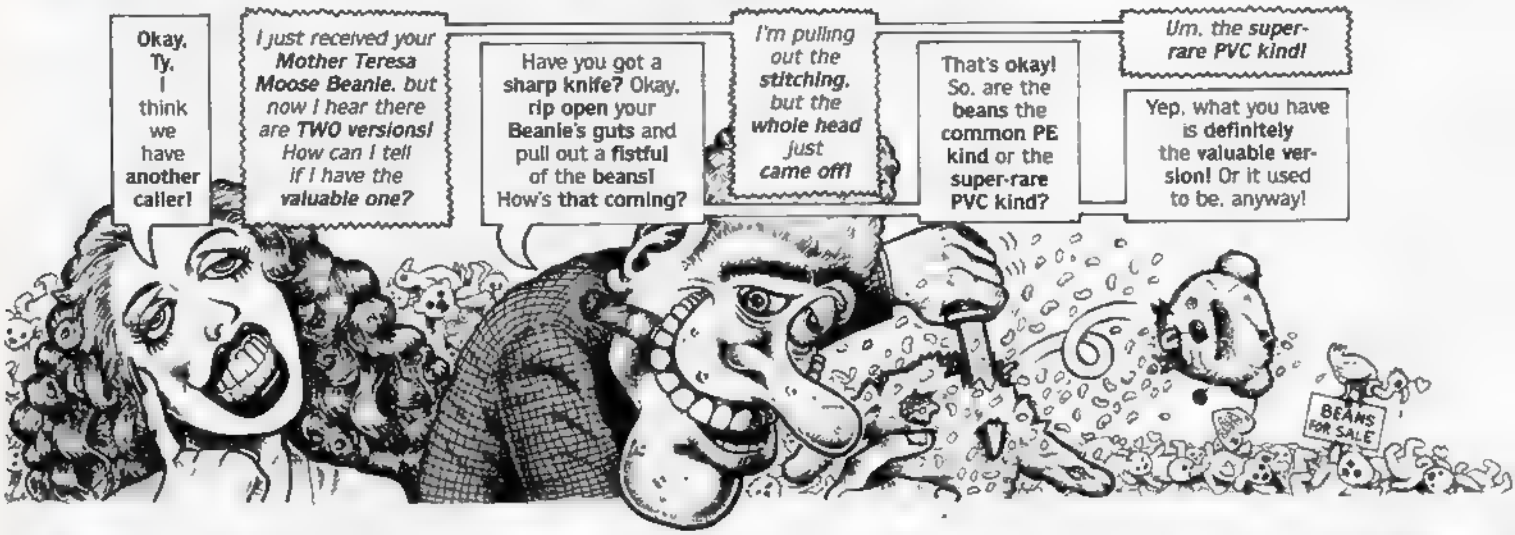
PRESENT MAD-STERPIECE THEATER

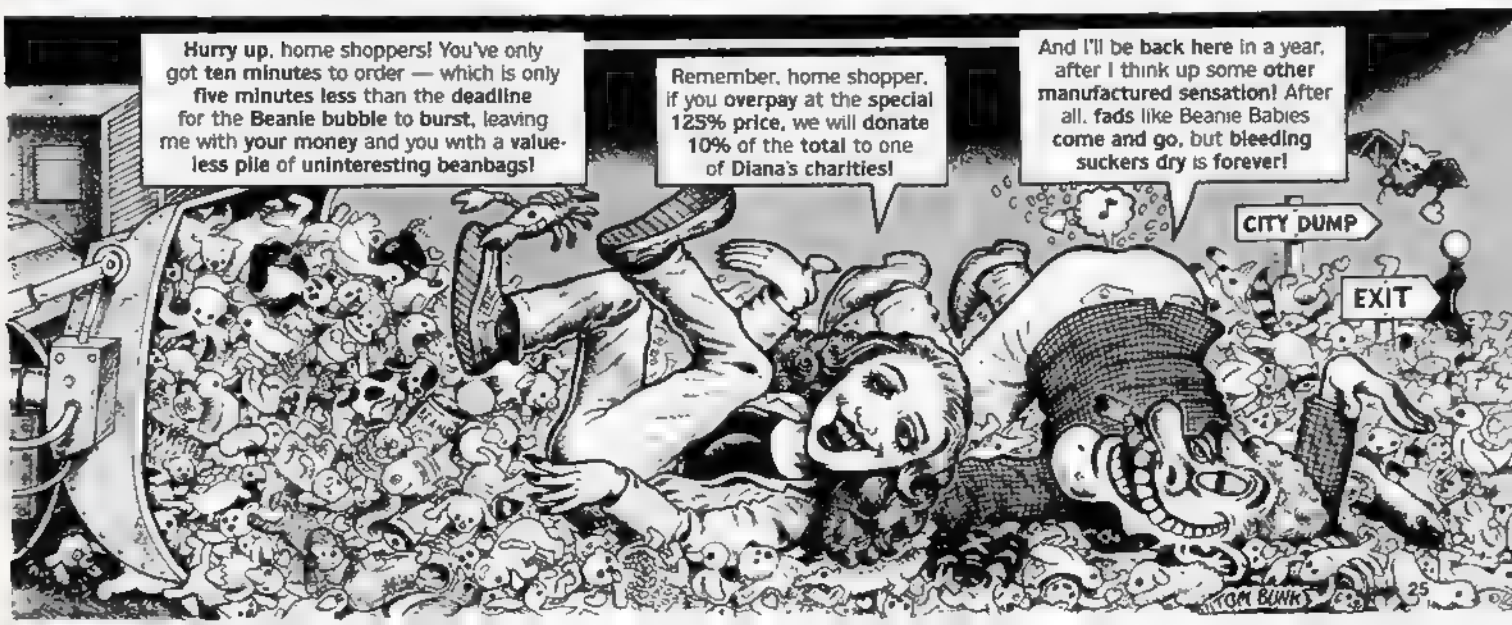
Production:

WORK'S "BEANIE BABY HOUR"

Are you sitting down? Do you have a paramedic waiting to treat your convulsive seizures when you hear the price?! You can get a Princess Di Beanie of your very own for only $74.95!
But I can walk into any Toys "R" Us and pick one up for six bucks!
Yes, but THIS Beanie was on TV!


Suzanne, I'd like to remind all our viewers that with Beaniemania there are a whole lot of counterfeit Beanies out there! So remember to always look for the tag! That's how we know our Beanies are the originals! Each one comes with that telltale tag!
But couldn't the people who counterfeit the toys also counterfeit the tags?
You raise an interesting question. In fact, a little TOO interesting...
SLAM


Okay, Ty, I think we have another caller!
I just received your Mother Teresa Moose Beanie, but now I hear there are TWO versions! How can I tell if I have the valuable one?
Have you got a sharp knife? Okay, rip open your Beanie's guts and pull out a fistful of the beans! How's that coming?
I'm pulling out the stitching, but the whole head just came off!
That's okay! So, are the beans the common PE kind or the super-rare PVC kind?
Um, the super-rare PVC kind!
Yep, what you have is definitely the valuable version! Or it used to be, anyway!
BEANS FOR SALE


Hurry up, home shoppers! You've only got ten minutes to order — which is only five minutes less than the deadline for the Beanie bubble to burst, leaving me with your money and you with a valueless pile of uninteresting beanbags!
Remember, home shopper, if you overpay at the special 125% price, we will donate 10% of the total to one of Diana's charities!
And I'll be back here in a year, after I think up some other manufactured sensation! After all, fads like Beanie Babies come and go, but bleeding suckers dry is forever!
CITY DUMP
EXIT
TOM BUNK

Tipper Gore has been warning America for years against exposing young people to examples of gratuitous violence, sexual depravity, bad language and complete amoral decay. And it's really true! Nobody in America has monitored more bad music than Tipper — and look what its influence has done to the White House! (Note to Tipper: Eazy-E only SUNG about slammin' and ditchin' his bitches!) But unlike the Goremeister, we at MAD aren't afraid to ADMIT that we're dumb, hypocritical loads...and thus, we're happy to offer...

EVEN YET STILL MORE BADLY NEEDED WARNING LABELS FOR ROCK ALBUMS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

CONSUMER SUGGESTION:
If You Enjoy The Experience of a Humongous Chunk Crashing to Earth with an Incredible Thud, Be Sure to Also Try Oasis's Last Album

URGENT WARNING:
QUICK! Hurry Up and Get This CD! The Bogus, Media-Hyped "Swing Revival" May Already Be Over Before You Get the Chance to Finish Reading This Warning Label!

ATTENTION:

Before Buying This Album, Make Sure to Check Out Our Handy LEAD SINGER GUIDE

Track One: Gary Cherone
Track Two: David Lee Roth
Track Three: Sammy Hagar
Track Four: William Shatner
Track Five: Don Ho
Track Six: "Weird" Al Yankovic
Track Seven: Adam Sandler
Track Eight: Regis Philbin
Track Nine: The Guy Who Played Schneider on *One Day at a Time*
Track Ten: To Be Honest, Someone Lost the Signup Sheet and We're Not Even Sure

NOTICE:

If You're Holding This Album and Reading This Label, It's a Safe Bet You Ain't Shopping at a Music-Censoring Wal-Mart Store

URGENT WARNING:

Nightingale Cranberry, Bubbling Under Santa's Skin, A Judo A Chop Chop, Scissors Mistaken, Chuck E. Cheese Chandelier Chia Pet, Gentle Tongue-Tongue Snapping Organs, Dead Postman Come to Phlegm Thermos Brunch, Argyle Zamboni.....Argyle Zamboni.

(NOTE: This special warning label was written by R.E.M. lyricist Michael Stipe)

ALERT:

The Record Company Helpfully Subtitled Each of These as "The Album," Just in Case You're So Dumb, You Might Confuse It With The Movie

W-W-W-WARNING:

If You Purchase This Album, You May End Up Saying "What a T-T-T-Talentless L-L-Leech."

WARNING LABEL:

Listen. Listen. There are people in this world who need to put labels on things. "This is a good record, this is a bad record." I'm here to tell you that labels are crap. Okay? They're, they're just another mask that people need to wear because they're afraid they're not cool. Maybe I'm the freak because I want to show my own face, I don't want to stick labels on my soul. Because it's hard to peel a label off your soul, y'know? But these warning labels, "Beware, look out for this or that, blah blah blah, whatever," you still need to interpret them your own way. That's all I'm saying. I'm saying you don't need to fall for it. It's like a crazy game or something, except the dice are missing and you can't move forward. Listen. You don't have to play the game. You don't have to be the thimble, hopping around, Ventnor Avenue, Reading Railroad, take a walk on the Boardwalk, paying rent to somebody else. Music should not be about passing "Go." So look at this warning label with your heart and your eyes and your being. But when you look, you have to truly see. Because in the end you have to warn yourself. People think they know me, Fiona. But all it (continued on back)

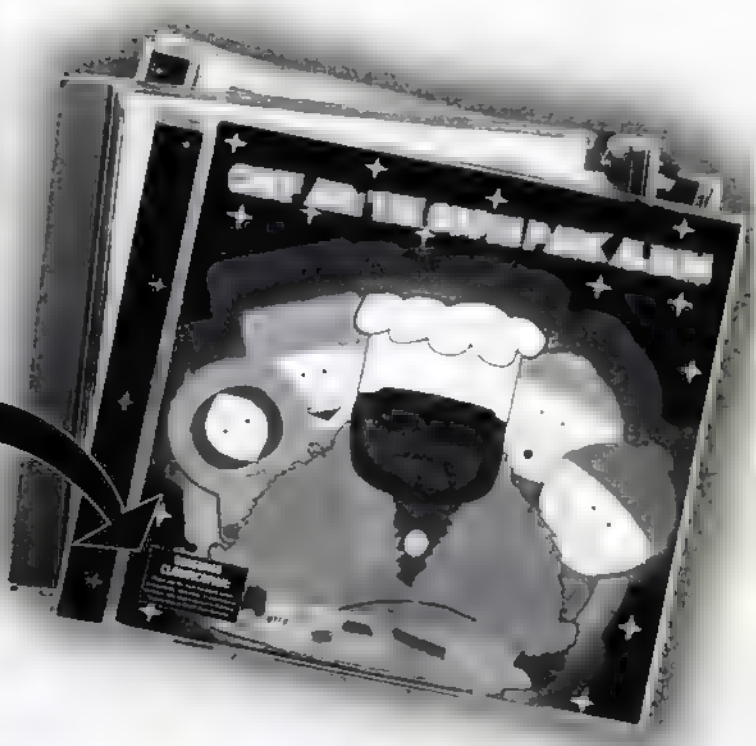
FIONA APPLE
WARNING LABEL:
Listen. Listen. There are people in this world who need to put labels on things. "This is a good record, this is a bad record." I'm here to tell you that labels are crap. Okay! They're, they're just another mask that people need to wear because they're afraid they're not cool. Maybe I'm the freak because I want to show my own face, I don't want to stick labels on my soul. Because it's hard to peel a label off your soul, y'know! But these warning labels, "Beware, look out for this or that, blah blah blah, whatever," you still need to interpret them your own way. That's all I'm saying. I'm saying you don't need to fall for it. It's like a crazy game or something, except the dice are missing and you can't move forward. Listen. You don't have to play the game. You don't have to be the thimble, hopping around, Ventnor Avenue, Reading Railroad, take a walk on the Boardwalk, paying rent to somebody else. Music should not be about passing "Go." So look at this warning label with your heart and your eyes and your being. But when you look, you have to truly see. Because in the end you have to warn yourself. People think they know me, Fiona. But all it [continued on back]

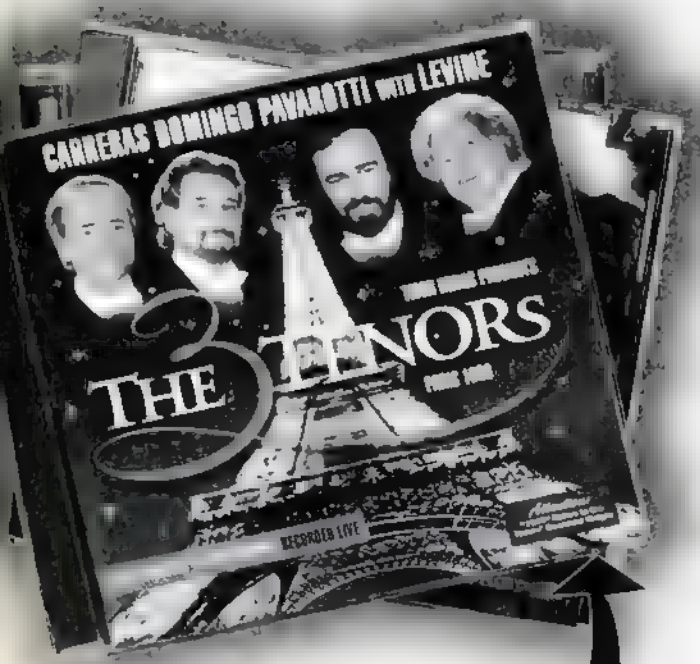
CD TITLE NOTATION:

Keep in Mind That, In Order to REALLY Have The ULTIMATE Country Party Experience, You'll Also Need a Pickup Truck, a Shotgun, a Jug of Grain Alcohol and a First Cousin Who Thinks You Can't Get Pregnant Twice in One Year

CONSUMER CLARIFICATION:

These are the foul-mouthed, sexist, homophobic, talentless, 2-dimensional cartoons who AREN'T signed to Ruthless, Tommy Boy or Death Row Records.





BEWARE:

Only in the Music Biz Could There Be a SEQUEL to a Ship That Sailed ONCE!

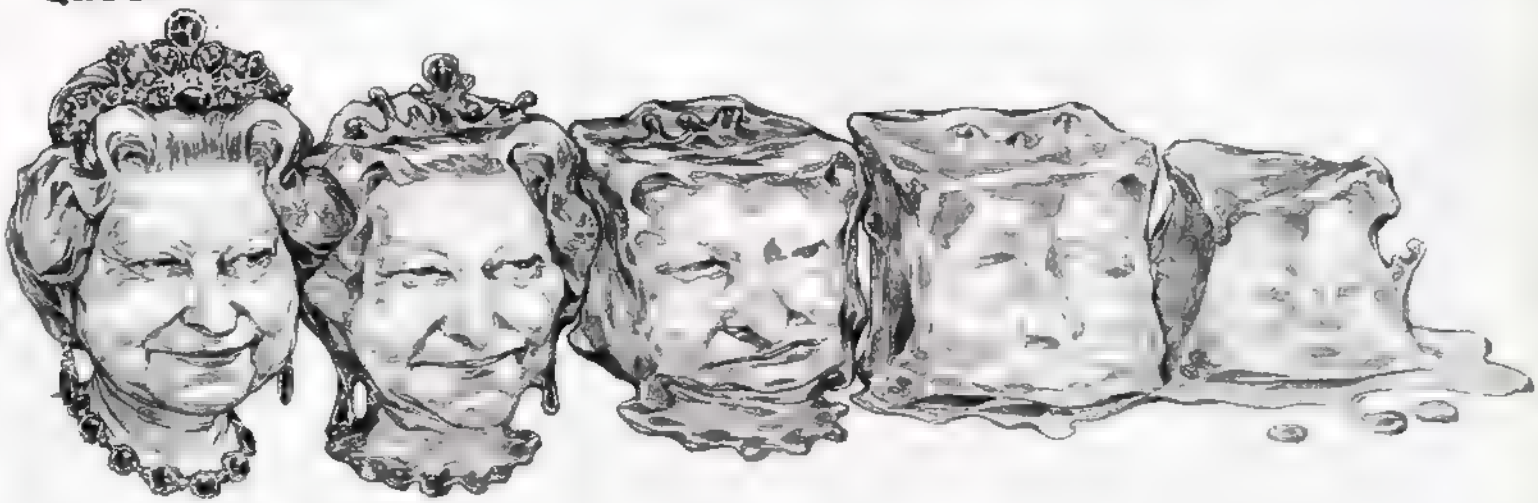
Attention:

"1998" Refers to the Tenors' Combined Weight

MORE

In MAD #375, we introduced you to "digital anthropomorphizing transmogrification," a term which describes a not-yet-existent technology that will one day allow us to expose a celebrity's true nature! Well, we here at MAD never pass up a chance to use a 50-cent phrase like "digital anthropomorphizing transmogrification" in an intro, so, as an excuse to once again print the words "digital anthropomorphizing transmogrification," here's....

Queen Elizabeth



Howard Stern

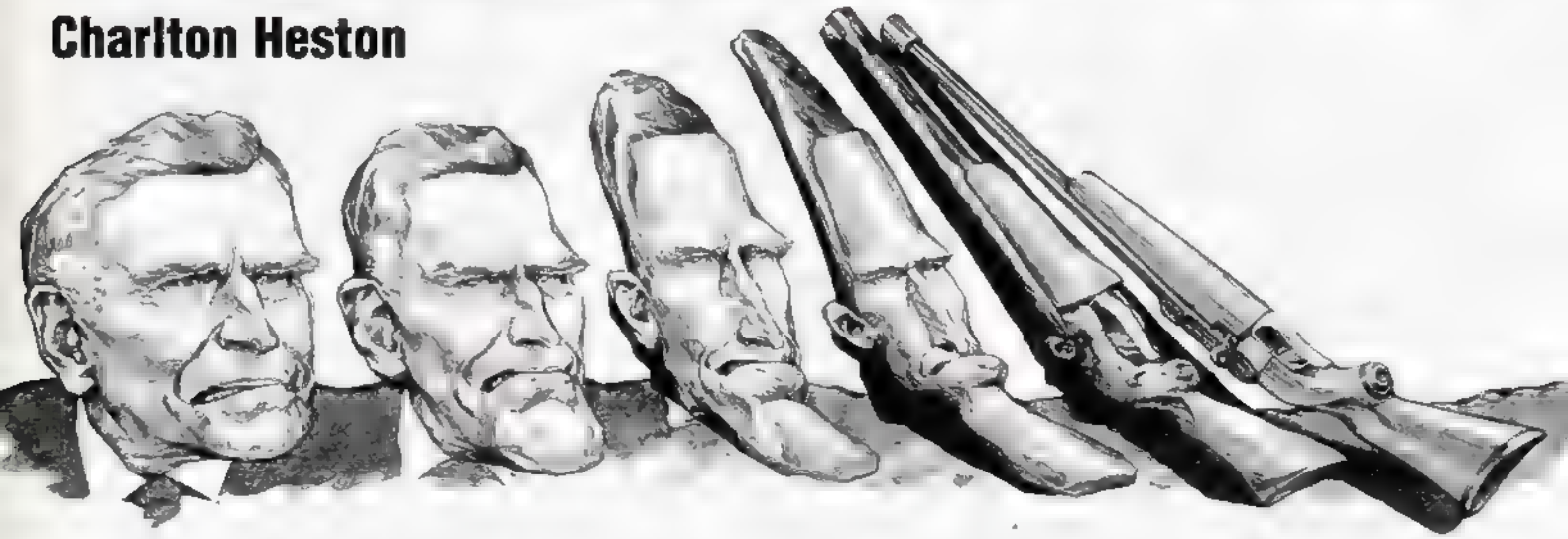
Linda Tripp

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: DUCK EDWING

MAD MORPHS

Prince Charles

Charlton Heston



Bill Clinton

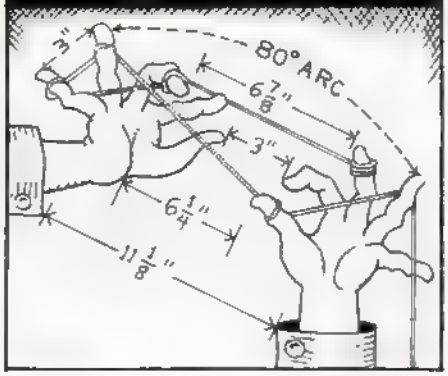
SPINNING IS THE ONLY THING DEPT.

THE MAD WORLD OF YO-YOS

Part III: Simple Tricks Any Yo-Yo Can Do

THE MONA LISA FLIP-OUT

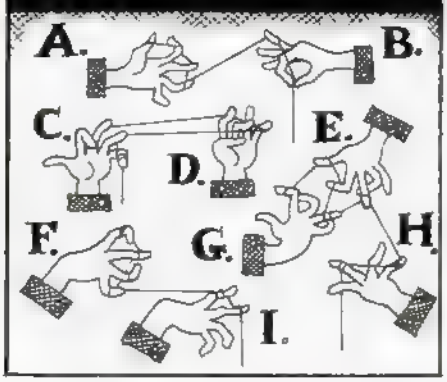
THE TRICK: Correct string manipulation is critical. Carefully follow instructions.



HOW TO DO IT: As yo-yo is released, the carefully arranged string automatically and effortlessly flips the yo-yo into a perfect reproduction of the beautiful Mona Lisa. With practice and determination, even Picasso portraits are achievable.

THE MOUNT RUSHMORE THROW-UP

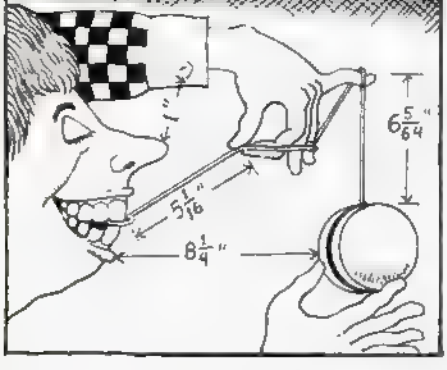
THE TRICK: Following instructions is vital here. So is knowing the alphabet.



HOW TO DO IT: This is a somewhat complicated display and requires additional hang time because of the toothy smile of Teddy Roosevelt.

THE GOLDEN GATE HURL-AWAY

THE TRICK: As the diagram shows, you can really sink your teeth into this trick.



HOW TO DO IT: Warning: False teeth wearers are cautioned to avoid this trick or the bridge they hurl may very well be their own!

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: DUCK EDWING

First, megalomaniac Ken Starr hounded the President, his staff, his friends, his former intern and just about everyone else in the Clinton White House, except Socks and Buddy! With that investigation in shambles, the overzealous prosecutor has turned his attention to others who, in his eyes, "threaten" the very foundation of our society! Here's a sneak peek of a confidential report sure to be illegally leaked by Starr and his thugs any day now...

THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR'S OFFICIAL REPORT ON MISTER ROGERS

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

INTRODUCTION:

THERE IS TROUBLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

As required by United States Code Section PBS-13, Title 28, and brought to you by the letters "E" and "P," the Office of the Special Prosecutor hereby submits substantial and credible information that Fred "Mister Rogers" Rogers committed acts that may constitute grounds for immediate cancellation.

This investigation into Mister Rogers began in 1994, during the Special Prosecutor's look into President William J. Clinton and the Whitewater scandal. While no wrongdoing was discovered in Whitewater, facts from that case led to a study of the White House travel office and fundraising irregularities. Those inquiries were later closed without result, but not before this office expanded its mission to include the Paula Jones lawsuit and the Lewinsky matter (AKA "Forni-Gate").

A remark by Lewinsky's dry cleaner indicated that President Clinton had watched part of the Ken Burns documentary on the Civil War before getting bored and switching over to the USA Network's *Silk Stalkings*. A $6 million dollar investigation into *TV Guide* subsequently revealed that the Civil War documentary had been shown on PBS television. This naturally led to a full inquiry into the entire PBS schedule. It was during this phase that the wrongdoing of Mister Rogers became virtually apparent.

This complex investigation into Mister Rogers' misdeeds cost $46 million dollars to complete, not counting free giveaway tote bags. This cost, naturally, must be paid by PBS. It is suggested that PBS make up the money by expanding their on-air pledge drive from 335 days per year to 363 days per year

SECTION ONE:

INDIVIDUAL GROUNDS AND CHARGES

There is substantial and credible information that Mister Rogers committed acts that may constitute grounds for cancellation, depending on polls and how the FCC appointments turn out.

The information obtained reveals that Mister Rogers:

- **Lied** when he claimed that all his viewers were "special." The evidence will show that even while repeating these statements, Mister Rogers knew perfectly well that human life is cheap and that most of his viewers were in fact worthless lumps;
- **Misused** his position to teach 30 years' worth of children that it's okay to watch a grown man take off his clothes;
- **Conspired** to deprive jazz composers of their rightful royalties by having the invisible piano play random notes that only occasionally go near a melody;
- **Violated** Article 1, Section 9 of the U.S. Constitution by recognizing the royal sovereignty of King Friday XIII within United States borders;
- **Failed** to pay taxes on the teeny-tiny imaginary fares collected by the Magic Trolley;
- Has **never specifically disproved** his possible role in the mysterious death of *The Joy of Painting* host Bob Ross;
- **Inserted** his fist into numerous puppets.

SECTION TWO:

THE CONTENTS OF THE REFERRAL

Regrettably, this report contains some **sexually explicit material**, but usually not more than once or twice per paragraph. Sex, however, is only a small part of this investigation. This case is not about cheap, embarrassing quickies, but rather a **systemic betrayal of public trust**. Therefore, most sexual details, real or pretend, will be confined to a tiny, separate appendix. Following page 4 of this report, the sex appendix may be found on pages 5 through 3,528.

SECTION THREE:

THE NARRATIVE: JULY 22, 1998

Mister Rogers entered his home at 10:30 a.m. (9:30 Central). He greeted his companion warmly. The companion, however, was not captured by the surveillance camera. After remarking how good it was to be alone again with the unnamed, unseen companion, Mister Rogers began to partially disrobe. Before he could undress fully, Mister Rogers' illicit encounter was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Mister Rogers feigned surprise, asking aloud, "My! Who can that be?" We characterize his reaction as false because there is a body of evidence showing that the last several hundred times there was a knock on the door, it was Mr. McFeely, and indeed it was once again Mr. McFeely. Mister Rogers' attitude of surprise was, in this office's opinion, a **clear attempt to mislead the public**.

It must not be forgotten that Mr. McFeely is a postman, the man who delivers the mail to the Neighborhood. These are the very same U.S. mails that have been used to **convey child pornography, narcotics and the very bombs that the Unabomber used** to maim and murder innocent victims. While Mr. McFeely may not have committed these acts himself, he **failed to prevent others from committing them**. As a uniformed postal worker, McFeely's inaction is, in our estimation, a **far greater crime**.

"I'm, only going to say this once. I... did... not... have sexual relations with that woman, Lady Elaine Fairchilde."

A Dangerous Game

Mr. McFeely was led inside the residence. McFeely had with him a package, perhaps brought in an attempt to buy influence. Mister Rogers smiled and said, **"My, what a big, thick package you have there!"** With two men alone in a house at the end of a dead-end street, this statement can be interpreted many ways. We pick the bad way.

The package contained an assortment of colorful building blocks. Mister Rogers and Mr. McFeely spent approximately two minutes stacking the blocks as high as they could until eventually the stack collapsed. No overt sexual incidents occurred during the block-stacking. Nonetheless, this incident raises troubling questions. "Raises troubling questions" is a phrase this office will use again and again in this investigation. In fact, it took this office four years to **raise troubling questions**; no way are we going to spend more time bothering to locate troubling answers

SECTION FOUR:

MISTER ROGERS' ACCOMPLICES

Mister Rogers has surrounded himself with individuals who witness his illicit activities. This office succeeded in interviewing the fish, the trolley and the puppets out of Mister Rogers' presence, when Mister Rogers was not able to manipulate them and put words in their mouths. However, under repeated interrogations, these witnesses maintained their silence, refusing to provide any information at all. Clearly, they had been intimidated by Mister Rogers.

The following excerpts from the "Puppet-Gate" question-and-answer sessions indicates the level of silent denial

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Queen Sarah, could you give more details about the shady land deal that allowed your family to take over The Land of Make-Believe?

QUEEN SARAH: *(no response)*

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Dr. Bill Platypus, isn't it true that according to your narrow definition, oral sex is not considered "sexual contact" among platypuses, because your comically flat bills are so long?

DR. BILL PLATYPUS: *(no response)*

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Trolley, weren't you in fact used to deliver unlawful communiqués and "talking points" to and from The Land of Make-Believe?

TROLLEY: Ding! Ding!

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: X the Owl, isn't your name a transparent attempt by Mister Rogers to unethically curry favor among African-American viewers?

X THE OWL: *(no response)*

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Fish, from your vantage point in the kitchen, you are in close proximity to Mister Rogers' phone. Did you ever see him accept oral sex while making an important call?

THE FISH: Glurp blub glork.

"Mr Rogers, you were quoted as saying, 'It's such a good feeling to know you're alive.' But that isn't the only good feeling, now is it?"

SECTION FIVE: THE NARRATIVE: JULY 25, 1998

No surveillance of Mister Rogers could be done, because it was Saturday and they were showing a rerun of *This Old House* instead

SECTION SIX: EVIDENCE ESTABLISHING THE NATURE OF THE COVER-UP

Destroyed Physical Evidence

This office attempted to subpoena all images and visual content produced by Picture-Picture between the years of 1968 and 1997. Mister Rogers **illegally rejected the subpoena**, saying that Picture-Picture was magic, and that all of his pictures had long since vanished. "But memory is a kind of magic," added

Mister Rogers "You can get those pictures back any time you like, just by thinking about them." As the Mister Rogers inquiry has shown, however, the **memory is a slippery thing indeed**

Coded Messages

Several times, the Mister Rogers' Neighborhood program secretly sent hidden signals to the home viewers When Mister Rogers was informed that **extensive evidence of signal-sending** was in the possession of this office, he stated, "That's just an old traffic signal on my wall. Signaling is what it does best. I wonder what you like to do best." Unfortunately for Mister Rogers, this office is not the one under investigation *And you will be crushed by me! You're going DOWN, you skinny little BASTARD! Oh, wait, did I include that or did I just think it?*

SECTION SEVEN: THE NARRATIVE: JULY 29, 1998

At approximately 10:38 a.m , Mister Rogers left his home to visit Chef Brockett. Mister Rogers' stated purpose was "to see how a birthday cake gets made." This office believes that Mister Rogers was actually preparing to conduct an **illegal fundraising visit** Mister Rogers denies this, saying, "I don't talk about fundraising on my show. I try to talk about things that the children will be interested in. You know, I take showers and go to the bathroom, too, but you don't see that on my show either." (FBI surveillance photos captured Mister Rogers performing these acts)

When Mister Rogers left his home, the camera suddenly showed aerial footage of cardboard streets and houses to indicate his journey to Chef Brockett's. It is uncertain how much **unseen illegal activity** took place during this 8-second interval

Something's Cooking

Mister Rogers arrived at Chef Brockett's kitchen at 10:39 a.m. Chef Brockett quickly showed Mister Rogers a **large quantity of white powder.** This office has not tested the powder, because just saying "large quantity of white powder" sounds worse. Chef Brockett and Mister Rogers broke four eggs and mixed them into the powder. "It's very messy, but I'll bet the cake will taste mighty good," remarked Mister Rogers. By **suggesting** that Chef Brockett would think the cake tasted good, Mister Rogers was boldly trying to **illegally influence and rehearse possible testimony.**

After the cake was finished, Mister Rogers asked Chef Brockett for the recipe. Chef Brockett replied, "It's all

up here," indicating his big floppy chef's hat. In other words, Chef Brockett kept his cooking knowledge in his brain with no notes. Mister Rogers had obviously urged his co-conspirators to **"never put anything down on paper."** Chef Brockett was called in to this office to answer questions but unfortunately, after several hours in custody, he called a lawyer, so this office couldn't do whatever it wanted to him

"You may be the Special Prosecutor. But I happen to think any prosecutor is special."

SECTION EIGHT: STATEMENTS UNDER OATH

On August 12, 1998, Mister Rogers agreed to answer questions put to him before a Grand Jury. The following is part of his testimony:

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Do you like cigars, Mister Rogers?

MISTER ROGERS: Heavens, no. They're awfully smelly, aren't they?

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: So you're testifying that you never smoke cigars?

MISTER ROGERS: That's right, I never have. No, I think tobacco plants should be allowed to grow and make beautiful gardens.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Then what do you do with cigars, Mister Rogers?

MISTER ROGERS: Why, nothing at all.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: We'll let the American people judge your definition of "nothing at all." Isn't it true that if you don't smoke cigars, you obviously must use them for another purpose?

MISTER ROGERS: I'm sorry, but I don't have any cigars at all. I have some graham crackers if you'd like.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: No cigars left? Isn't it true that the reason you're "fresh out" of cigars is because you've used the entire box for your own perverse sexual gratification? Isn't it?

MISTER ROGERS: You have quite an imagination. You know, of all the nations on Earth, I think the very best one is imagination.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Are you suggesting I use my imagination? That's disgusting, sir!

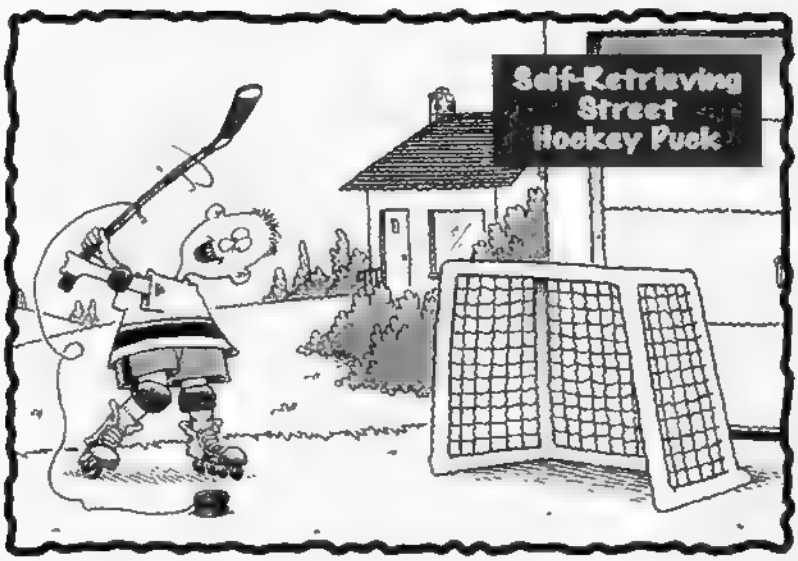
SECTION NINE: THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR'S CONCLUSION

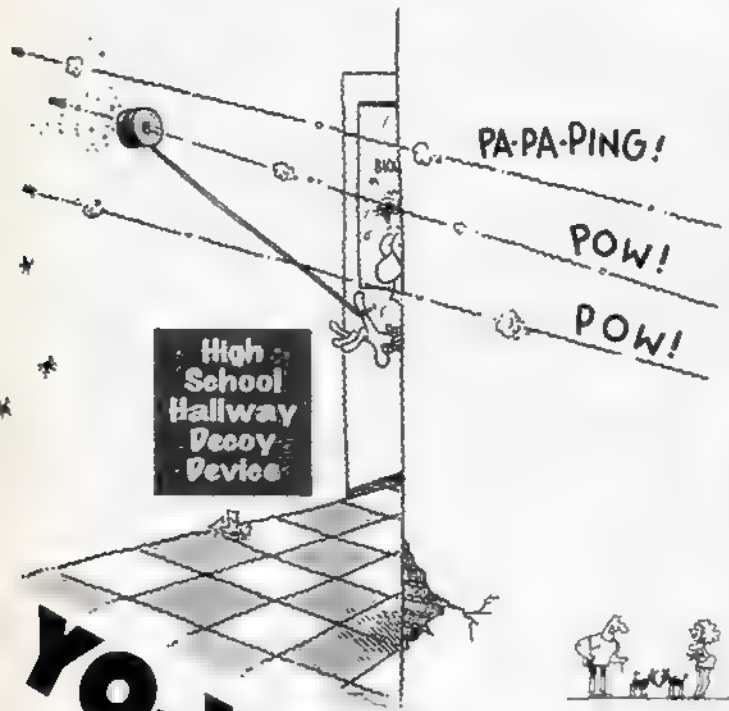
This office has become convinced of Mister Rogers' wrongdoing in some matter. Admittedly, little evidence exists to support this conclusion. However, that is ample proof of the **massive cover-up that has taken place.** If Mister Rogers were completely innocent, there would be more evidence against him, because he wouldn't have destroyed it all.

Mister Rogers holds a high position as a role model in society. To allow him to escape punishment in this "Nothing-Gate" matter would surely encourage other soft-spoken Pittsburgh-based television hosts to do the same. This country cannot afford such a crime wave. Can you say "Screw due process"? I knew you could.

Hula Hoops. Pet Rocks. Tamagotchis. American history (and your basement) is cluttered with the remains of one fad after another. The latest craze is an old standby — yo-yos. But like so many "flavors of the month," it won't be long before the stringed toy is the latest addition to the 99-cent store close-out bin. Being a MAD reader, we're willing to bet that you're one of the suckers now stuck with several yo-yos collecting dust on your dresser. What to do with them? We're glad you asked!...

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR





YO-YO WHEN THE FAD DIES

Relentlessly they appear, those infomercials that invade our TV screens. How can we account for their incredible success? After all, what sort of person would make use of them? Well, maybe the following will give you an idea, as we present...

THE LATE NIGHT SPREE OF SAUL DEVERE

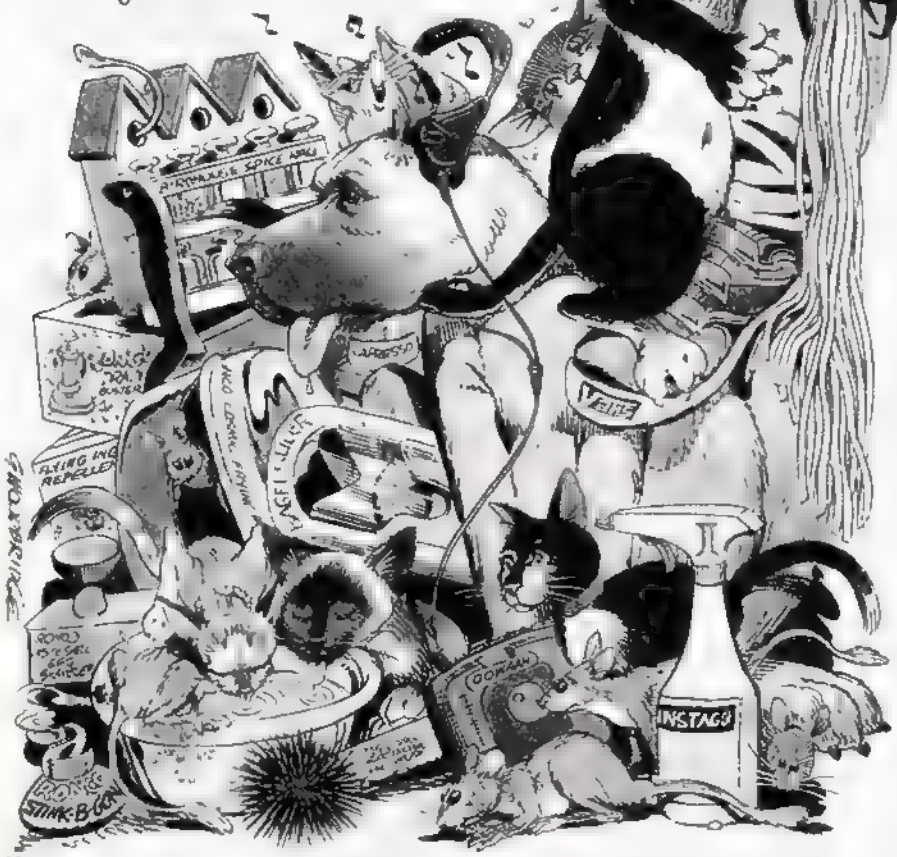
(With extreme apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Listen, dear readers, and you shall hear
Of the late night spree of Saul Devere;
Grand infomercials lit up his screen
With products like none he'd ever seen,
Embellished by pitchmen with words sincere.

'Twas 10:45 when he happened upon
That destroyer of mildew and dirt – Instagone;
Cried he, "Tis a product I surely must try!"
And thereupon ordered a twelve-year supply
Out of fear that the offer might soon be withdrawn.

A Brown & Serve ad proved an instant success;
It could speed up one's microwave cooking, no less;
"I want one!" he yelled, very quick to react,
And placed a rush order, ignoring the fact
That a microwave oven he did not possess.

Chuck Norris came on and delivered a spiel
For his Total Gym package – a fabulous deal;
Said Saul, "What a bargain for 800 bucks!
In a week I will have a physique just like Chuck's,
With magnificent muscles and abs hard as steel!"



His credit card orders piled up by the score –
Wondrous Ronco contraptions and cleaners galore,
A PVA Mop that soaked up any mess,
Loads of Flobees, although he was forced to confess
That he wasn't quite sure what a Flobee was for.

The Pasta Machine he snapped up like a shot;
The Electric Egg Scrambler he bought on the spot;
He knew in just weeks they'd arrive without fail –
One if by FedEx and two if by mail –
And he hollered, "Is this a great country or what?!"

All night did he fall for each pitchman's refrain,
Overjoyed with the treasures his home would contain;
"There's space for them all," to himself he declared,
As he sat in the one-room apartment he shared
With eight gerbils, five cats and a full-grown Great Dane.

And now we have come to the end of our tale –
This most splendid of sprees which so proudly we hail;
Without all the hucksters who endlessly feed
On poor suckers like Saul buying junk they don't need,
Our nation's economy surely would fail.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Recently there was a movie that was good value for the money, because even though it was only 90 minutes long, it felt like you spent the entire day in the theater! It was politically incorrect in every way, a perfect role model for the dorks of tomorrow! We're talking about...

WHATTABORE

I'm Mama Butcher! People say I'm a severely neurotic, over-protective mother who smothers her son — but that's ridiculous! My boy can do anything he wants, as long as he doesn't talk to anyone, make friends, laugh, smile or have fun! I know one day he'll grow up and leave home, but it's silly to start worrying about that now! I mean, he's only a child of 31!
I'm Sobby Butcher! You coooooould saaaay I'm a maamaaa's boyyy! I wiiiish I ccooooould sayyyy "I'm a maaaamaaa's boyy," but it'sssss harrrrrd with thiiis speeeeeechhhhh impediiiiment! Sssince you hadddd to heeeeearr itt innnn mmyyyy moooovie. I'llll haaaaave merrrrrrcy onnnn youuuuu andddddd droooopppp itttttt ffffffor thee resssst offffff thiiiiis moooooooronic spooooooof! Right now my self-esteem is at an all-time low! I just got fired as Waterboy for the University of Louisiana Rednecks! You're probably wondering how a stuttering, backwoods imbecile like me ever became a waterboy! In Louisiana, those traits qualify me to be governor!
I'm Coach PeeU and I'm tired of people saying football players are just big and stupid! My team has other admirable qualities — they're insensitive, violent drunks, too! I deeply regret firing that waterboy! Hell, now my players have nothing to wash their steroids down with!
I'm Coach Clod! I scour the nation's top schools to find the best football players — then I make sure none of them ever get on or near my team, the Scum Dogs! Having the worst players in the world helps cover up the fact that I'm the world's most inept coach! Which is the perfect part for one of the world's most inept actors — me! My last big film was *Scream!* In that movie I was lucky — I got hacked to a bloody pulp in the first half hour! Unfortunately, in this turkey I have to stick around to the end!
I'm *mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble!**
[* Actually, I can speak perfectly clearly, but I'm too embarrassed to use the dialogue that was written for me, so I just mumble!]
I'm Sticky Virtue-Lost, a tough motorcycle broad who's attracted to Sobby! I'm so tough, I have a prison record! I shot my agent for getting me a role in this movie! But after seeing this film, the governor pardoned me! He said it was justifiable homicide!
SCUM DOGS

ARTIST: TIMOTHY SHAMEY WRITER: DICK DESARTOLO

Do you need a waterboy for your team? I work for free!
That's your best offer? Normally we charge people to be the waterboy, but what the heck, the job is yours! There's something 'bout you I like!
My openness?
No, your speech impediment! This redneck team loves to make fun of the handicapped! You can dispense water, but your main job will be to play the inept simpleton who's the butt of our jokes!
Wow, that's even more responsibility than my last job!
You spit in the water!
So? What's wrong with that?
I take my water very seriously! If you want to spit in it, be more sanitary! Spit through this filter!
51

Sobby, you tackled one of my strongest players and knocked him out cold!
I did it because I was mad!
It was an incredible tackle! You MUST play football for my team!
Okay! During each game I'll knock out as many of your players as I can! How that's gonna help you win is beyond me!
3
27

You don't have to listen to your mama all the time! My mama said not to get a tattoo on my butt, but I did! See...?
SIT ON IT!
That's gotta be a stand-in butt! Henry Winkler's pushing sixty, and that's a young butt! If Winkler were smart, he would have let them show his REAL butt, and gotten a stand-in actor to do his face so he wouldn't have to admit he appeared in this turkey!

WOW!! This is delicious! What is it?
Cream of roadkill! And I used fresh roadkill! I ran over this less than an hour ago!
I've taken a liking to your son, Mrs Butcher!
Leave my son alone! He's a socially inept 31-year-old simpleton!
Oh, mama, it's embarrassing when you praise me in front of company!

While your mama's out of the room I'm opening my blouse... and your eyes at the same time!
Quick! Hand me my magic glacier water!
You want a drink of water at a time like this?
No! I wanna pour it down my pants!
How come we get to see Henry Winkler's butt, but not her chest! Man, this ratings system is a killer!

What the hell are you doing?

No one makes fun of mama! She's a better teacher than you'll ever be! She taught me high school at home!

Doesn't sound like much of an education to me!

Oh, yeah! She was a tough teacher! If I brought home a bad report card from her, she would whip me!

Damnit, Sobby, your stupidity cost us another game!

I wish you could keep those vulgar fans out of the stadium — the ones who call the team names and boo and throw stuff at us!

They're not fans! Those are our cheerleaders! We no longer have a budget to pay fans!

Well they should show more spirit, or drink less spirits!

Max Korn Gazette

SPORTS

SCUM DOGS START WINNING FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON

PERSHLUGGINER REGISTER

SPORTS

BURPIN' BOWL GAME SET! CROWDS CHEER BECAUSE IT MEANS MOVIE MAY BE MOVING TOWARD END!!

So the Scum Dogs have started to beat the team that that jerky waterboy used to work for! I'm not a trouble-maker or a sore loser, but I have bad news for you! Your waterboy/whipping boy/star tackle Sobby Butcher doesn't have a real high school diploma!

No high school diploma? You got six years of hard work ahead of you, Sobby! At least that's how long I spent in high school to get my diploma!

What kind of stupid logic is this? A bunch of toothless, inbred backwoods yahoos are shocked that someone DIDN'T get a high school diploma? Get real!

I'm the Dean of this college! For the sake of this razor-thin plot twist, you'll have to take a high school equivalency test! If you don't pass, you can't be on the football team, so I pray you do pass!

Is it a true/false test, or multiple choice?

It's kinda both! I've already circled the right multiple choice answers, you just have to see if you agree the correct answers are TRUE or false!

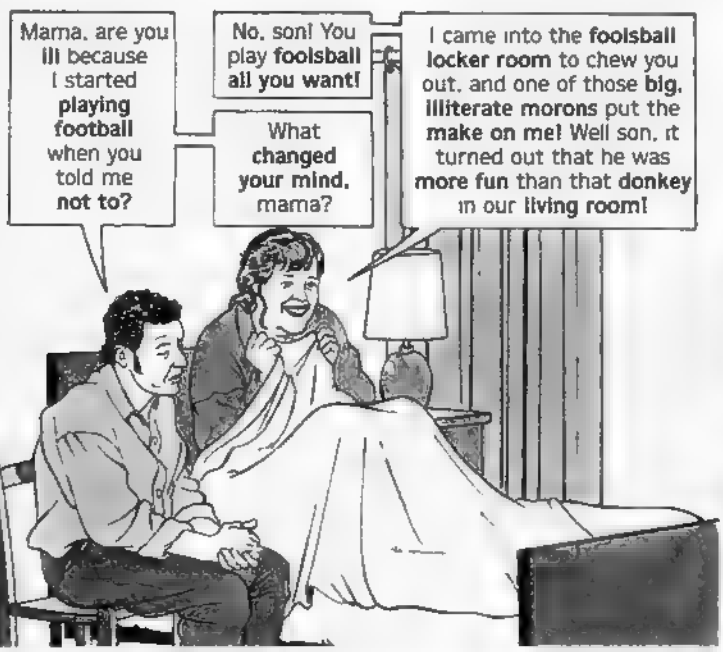
Oh brother, this is gonna be harder than I thought!

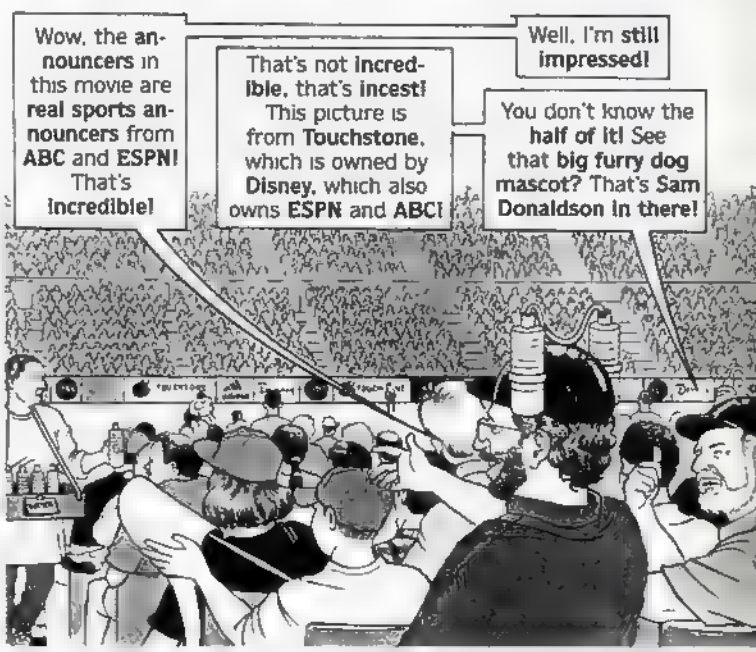
Congratulations, Sobby! You passed your high school equivalency test! I heard you only got one question wrong!

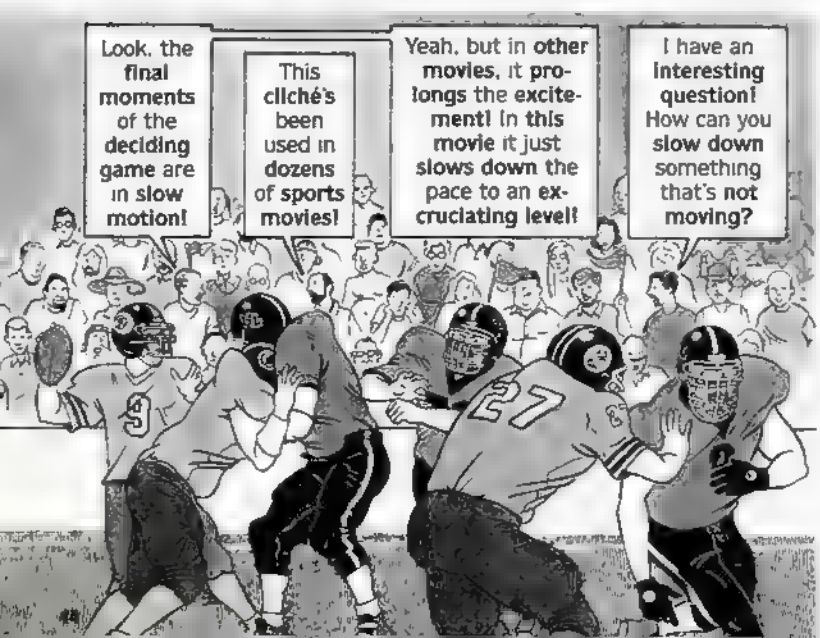
Nuts, did I spell my name wrong again?

I think I feel a flashback coming on!
Wait! That flashback isn't from this movie! It's from *The Wedding Singer!* What's it doing in this movie?
I just wanted to remind people that everything I make isn't as bad as this piece of crap!
Good thing you didn't pick *Happy Gilmore* or *Billy Madison!*

I have bad news for you, Sobby! During that last flashback, your mama was rushed to the hospital!
Is it serious?
To tell you the truth, I think she's planning a guilt trip for you!
A guilt trip? That's my mama! I play football against her wishes, but she's planning a vacation for me!


Mama, are you ill because I started playing football when you told me not to?
No, son! You play foolsball all you want!
What changed your mind, mama?
I came into the foolsball locker room to chew you out, and one of those big, illiterate morons put the make on me! Well son, it turned out that he was more fun than that donkey in our living room!

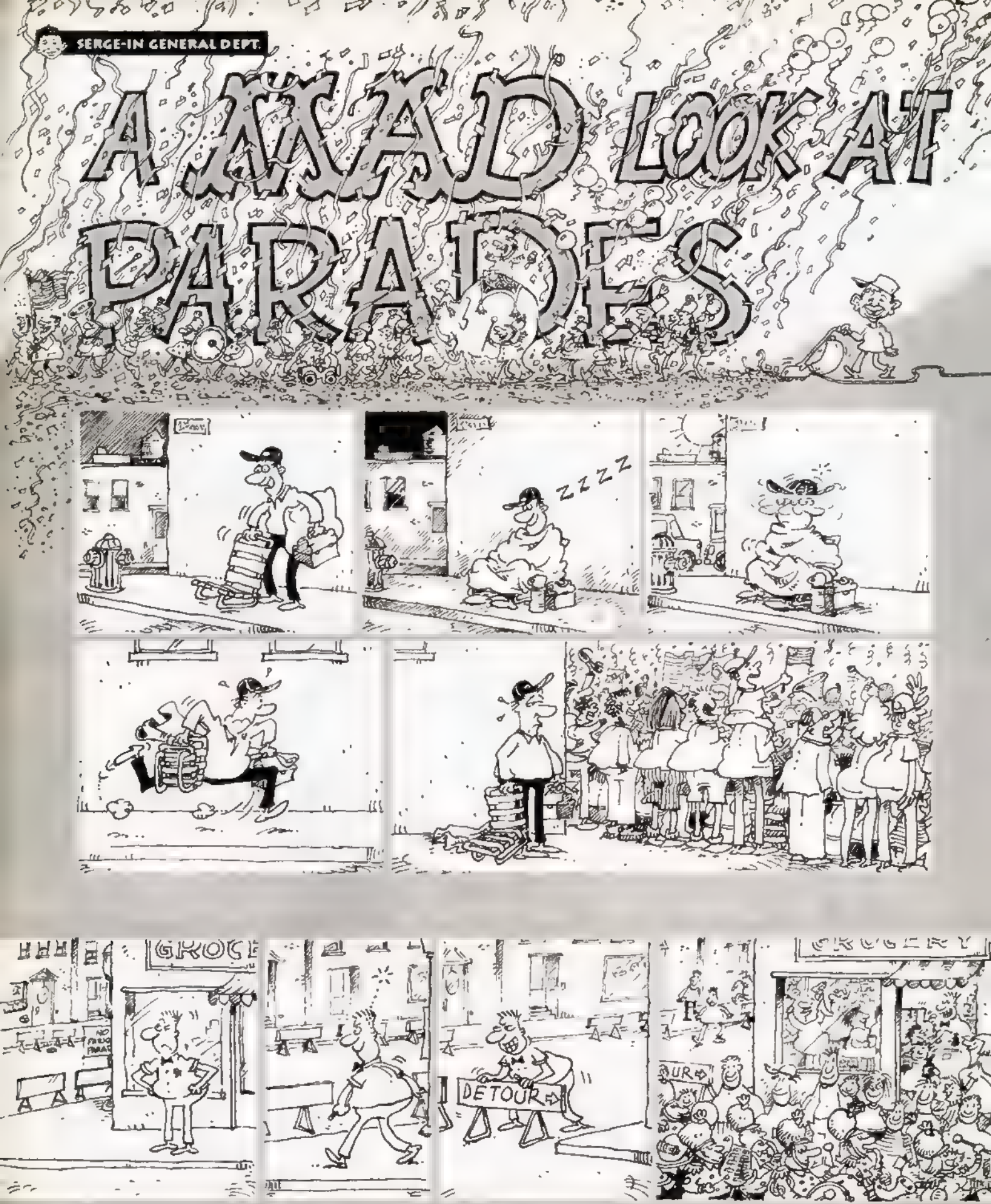

Wow, the announcers in this movie are real sports announcers from ABC and ESPN! That's incredible!
That's not incredible, that's incest! This picture is from Touchstone, which is owned by Disney, which also owns ESPN and ABC!
Well, I'm still impressed!
You don't know the half of it! See that big furry dog mascot? That's Sam Donaldson in there!

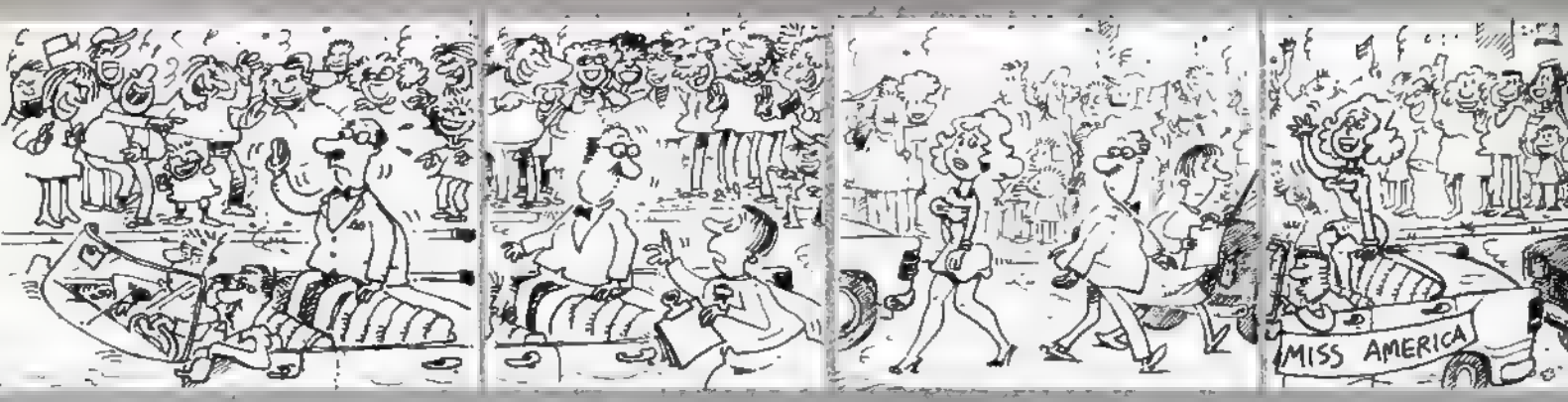

Look, the final moments of the deciding game are in slow motion!
This cliché's been used in dozens of sports movies!
Yeah, but in other movies, it prolongs the excitement! In this movie it just slows down the pace to an excruciating level!
I have an interesting question! How can you slow down something that's not moving?

I won the big game, Sticky, and now we can get married!
Sorry, Sobby, I fell in love with someone else! He's another dumb southern guy who played college football and had a mother who said stupid things! Except he's rich!
Hello! My name is Forrest Gump! Mama says: "Going to this movie is like eating a box of chocolates! It's good at first, but soon you're sick to your stomach!"

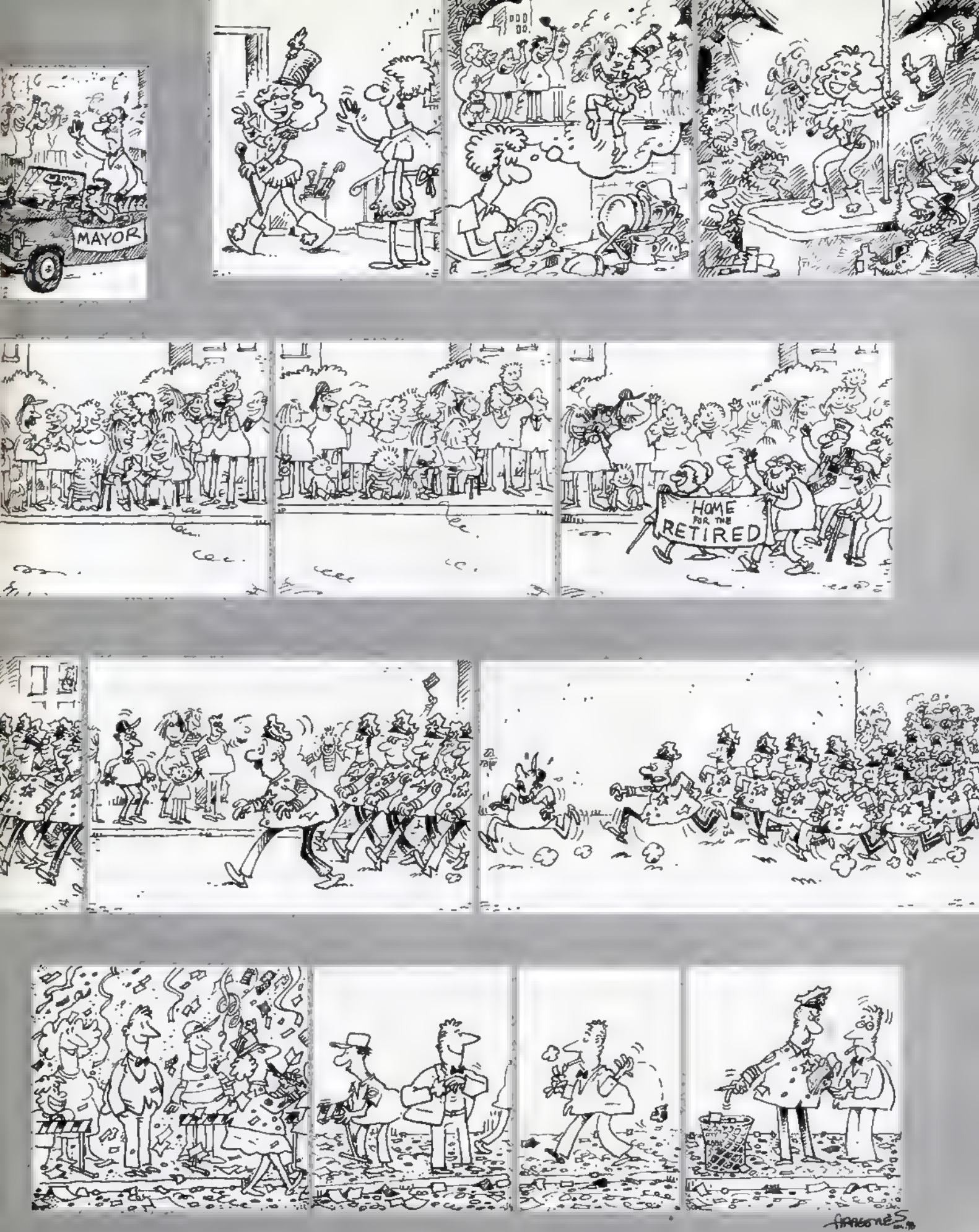
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT PARADES




MISS AMERICA

LOCAL
HIGH SCHOOL
CENTRAL
HOSPITAL
ROTARY CLUB

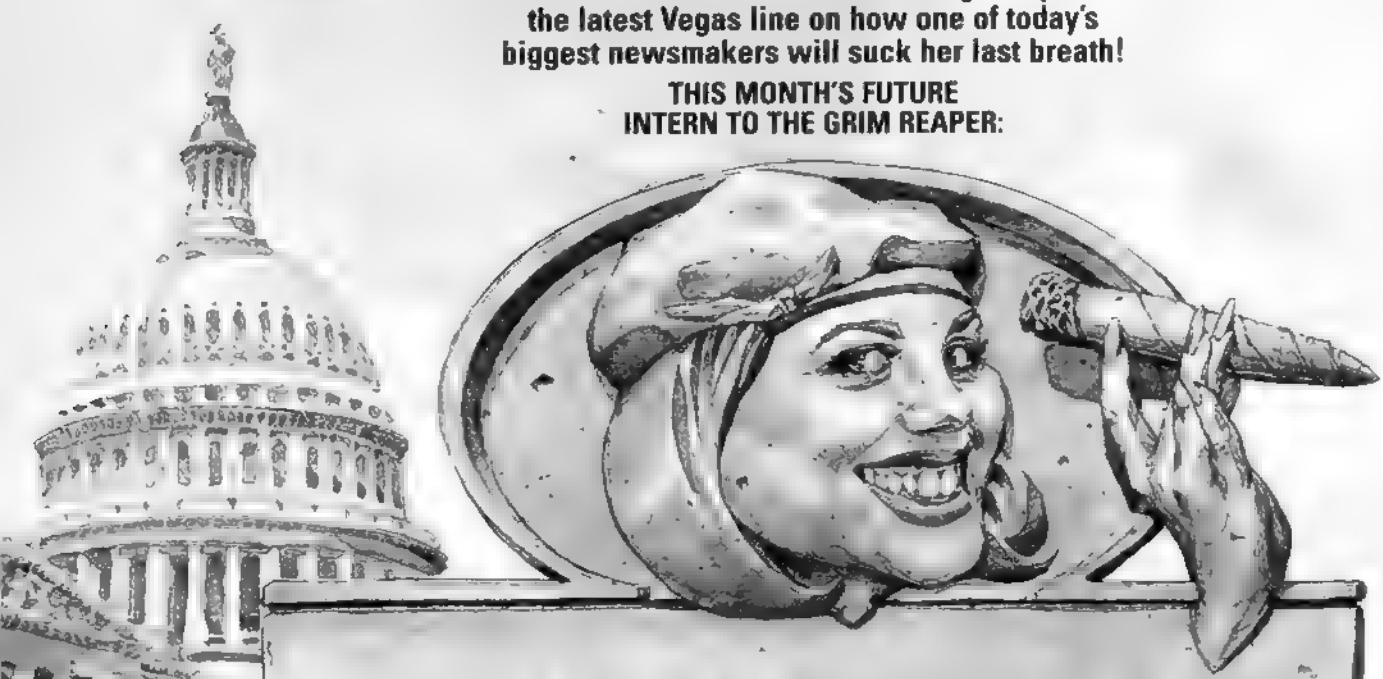

MAYOR
HOME FOR THE RETIRED

GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD'S CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest newsmakers will suck her last breath!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE INTERN TO THE GRIM REAPER:

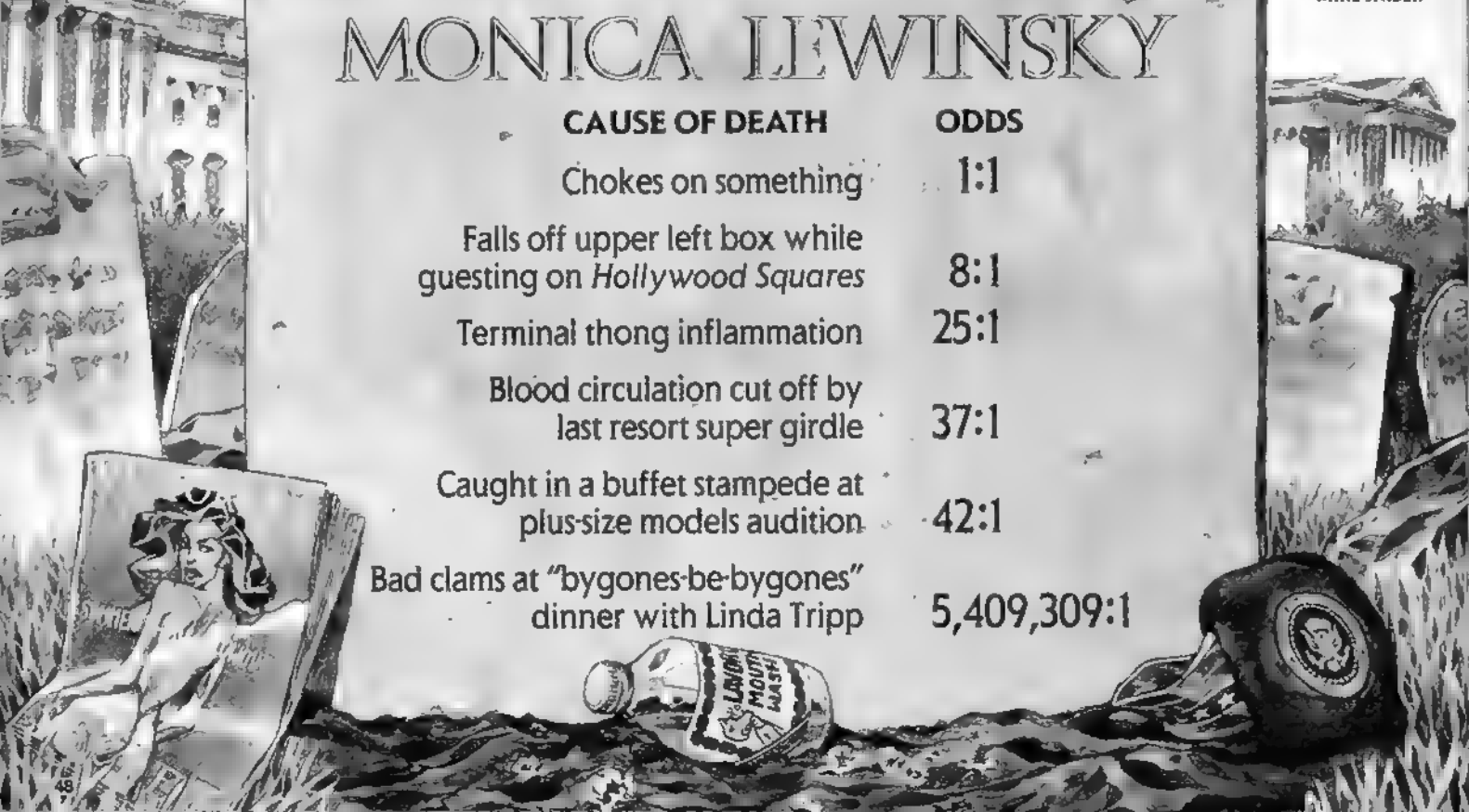


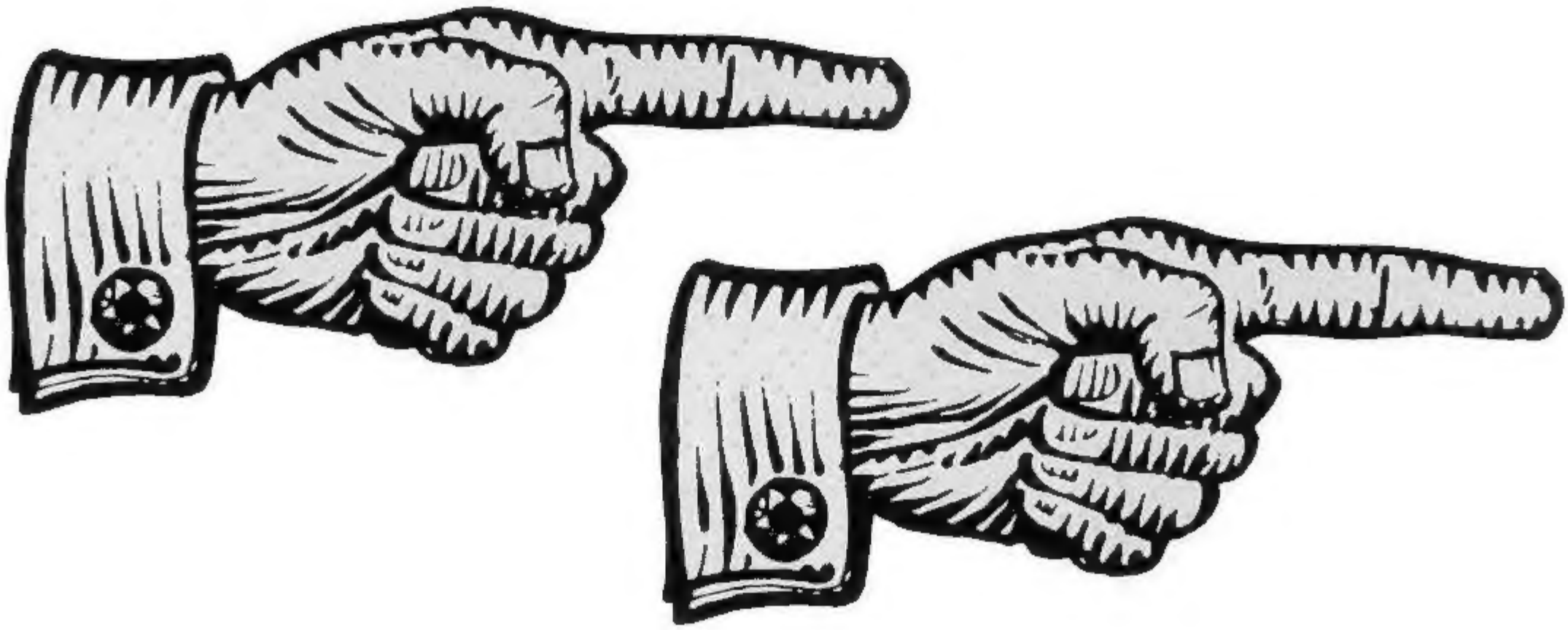
ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

MONICA LEWINSKY

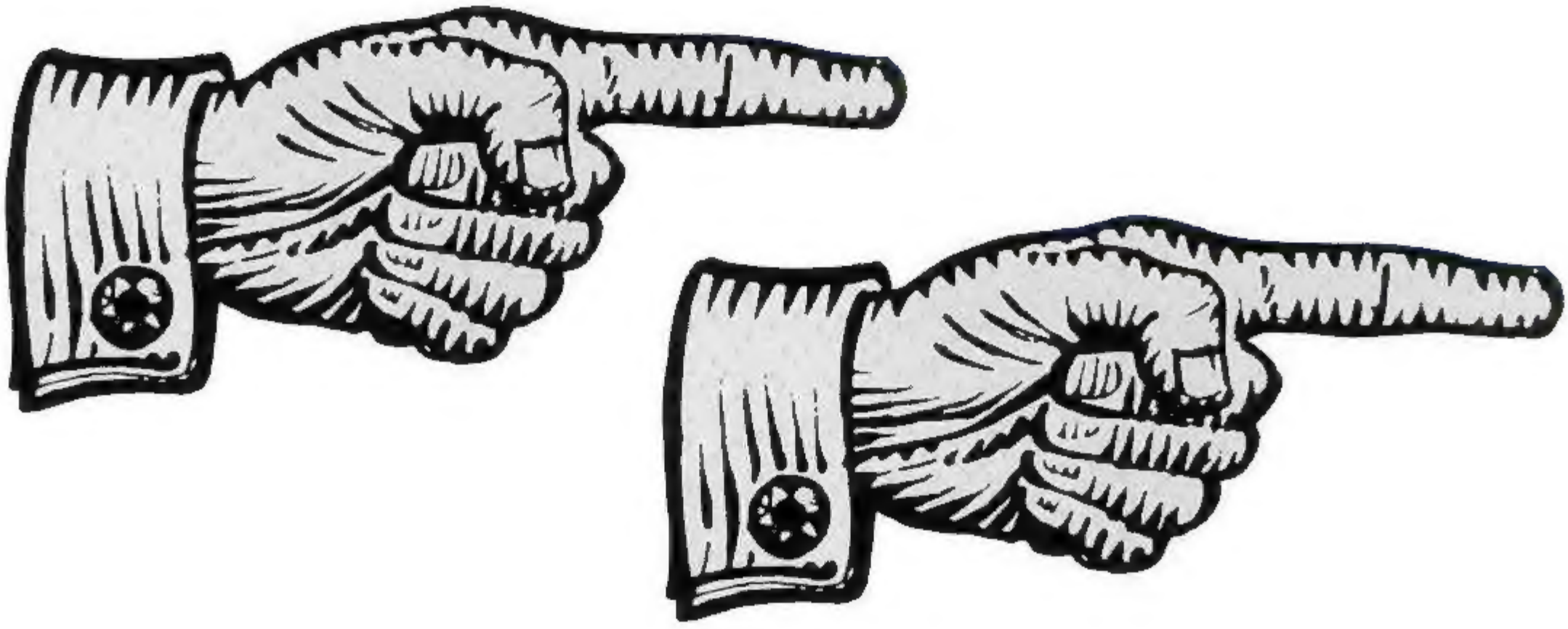
CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Chokes on something	1:1
Falls off upper left box while guesting on *Hollywood Squares*	8:1
Terminal thong inflammation	25:1
Blood circulation cut off by last resort super girdle	37:1
Caught in a buffet stampede at plus-size models audition	42:1
Bad clams at "bygones-be-bygones" dinner with Linda Tripp	5,409,309:1





Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT EXTREME "SPORT" HAS UNFORTUNATELY BEEN GROWING IN POPULARITY DESPITE ITS VIOLENCE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Traditional sports have taken a back seat to the new daredevil activities known as extreme sports. Whether it's performing death-defying skateboard tricks or participating in ultimate fighting matches, people are finding new ways to push themselves and laugh in the face of death. There is one new sport that has unfortunately caught on in record numbers. To find out what this lousy "sport" is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

GRUESOME FORMS OF EXTREME "SPORT" USUALLY PAY PROMOTERS HANDSOMELY BECAUSE IT BRINGS OUT BASIC BLOODLUST IN THE FANS. WHAT WE CAN'T FATHOM IS WHY SOCIETY PERMITS SUCH A HARMFUL THING

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B

WHAT EXTREME "SPORT" HAS UNFORTUNATELY BEEN GROWING IN POPULARITY DESPITE ITS VIOLENCE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

GAY

BASH-
ING

A B

ARTIST: PETER KUPER WRITER: DUCK EDWING